Modern Man

A Weekly Journal of General Interest.

No. 194.

SATURDAY JULY 20TH, 1912. (Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) ONE PENNY.

SOME ART ACTIONS

READERS' SALE and EXCHANGE.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, MODERN MAN, 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Shoddy Clothes are bad value, wear the best; it need not cost you more; write or call on W. W. Hedgecoe and Co., Stylish Suits from 35s.—Private Tailors, West End Cutting Experts, 147, Holborn Bars, E.C. (2 doors from Gray's Inn Road).

Lounge suit, light grey, worn 4 times (mourning), leg 32½in. chest 38in.; £1; (Hornsey).—Box 9181, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Trouser Press for sale; brand new, never been used; no further use for same; honestly worth 15s.; take 6s.—Box 9103, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

What about that old suit of yours; see British Tailoring Co.'s announcement, page 1159.

Blue serge suit, cost 60s., 20s.; black lounge coat and vest, cost 55s., 25s.; fawn, dust coat, cost 45s., 20s.; all quite new; superior; want cash.—T. Estcotte, 2, Rutland Villas, Boreham Road, Wood Green.

Coat-hanger and trousers-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For particulars of the new "Modern Man" badge, see page 1153.

One and a half dozen double collars, in excellent condition, size 15½, 2¼in. deep; bargain 3s. 3d. the lot.—Box No. 9102, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The McKinley "Mac.," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London. E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Pair Sandow's seven-spring grip dumbbells, nearly new, with instructions; cost 12s. 6d., accept 8s., post free.—C. E. Lloyd, 117, Aughton St., Ormskirk, near Liverpool.

Gymnasium apparatus wanted, second-hand, good condition.—Stamper, Victoria Terrace, Whitley Bay.

Motor cycle head lamp, solid brass, nickel plated, searchlight lens, with projecting bracket, cost 21s., accept 11s. 6d.; conditions as new.—Box 9182, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, motor cycle, recent make, magneto, handle bar control, good hill climber, in exchange for 23in. Royal Sunbeam cycle, 2-speed, oil bath, acetylene lamp, accessories, and cash, for good machine.—Box 9183, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Wanted, a good rod for sea fishing, one that is adapted to fresh water preferred, must be cheap.—Box 9184, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Sandow's combined developer, complete, with charts, little used, as new, cash, 7s. 6d.—Box 9185, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Marvellous hair grower, restores grey hair to its natural colour; absolutely genuine, results certain; recipe, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box No. 9172, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

One of the finest known tonics for all nervous disorders, headache, indigestion, etc., etc.; recipe, 1s. 1d. P.O.—Box 9173, "Modern Man," 29 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box 8029, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

For increasing the height see Arthur Girvan's advt., page 1154.

Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement on page 1154.

EDUCATIONAL.

"Modern Man"—all numbers to date, complete; what offers.—Box 9180, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Clerks: Send postcard to-day for free interesting booklet on the famous "New Rapid" course of practical book keeping. Study becomes a pleasure. Sent free.—Book-keeping, Holborn Hall College, London, W.C.

Volumes of "Answers" and "Tit-Bits" wanted about 10 to 12 years old.—Write in first case Box No. 9100, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 1156.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Handsome silk tapestry drawing-room suite, magnificent couch, in absolute perfect condition, a great bargain, £6 5s.; the suite seen by appointment.—Box 9191, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Bargains by post: 420 fountain pens, chased barrels, gold nibs, 2s. 3d. each; 1,000 pairs chased gold-plated torpedo sleeve-links, 7½d. per pair; 350 safety razors, in cases, 1s. 4d. each; 3 roll film, new ¼-plate folding cameras, rapid Rectilinear lent, time and instantaneous shutters, 25s. each. Victoria Agency, 89, Victoria Street, Liverpool.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Beautiful seamless Axminster carpet, brand new, latest design, with under felt, 45s.; bargain, below cost.—Box 9192, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1½d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Suit case, leather, 15s.; also fitted one, £4 4s., cost £8 8s.—Box 9193, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Don't fail to look on outside back cover.

Cut here.....

PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of MODERN MAN 10s. 6d. Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 1157.

Cut here.....

Modern Man

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CE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words), which must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval. Contributions will be paid for on publication, at our usual rates.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

odern Man yields to none in loyalty; but when its or, and its contributors, and its office-boy find a Sunday spaper of considerable prominence heading its descrip- of Royal Henley with the momentous and breath- ending intelligence, in big type, that "His Majesty rs Blue Lounge Suit and White Straw Trilby Hat"— really, their feelings do not lend themselves to adequate ession.

* * *

stocracy at Earl's Court.

eally, we are beginning to despair of our aristocracy! ly they can find something better to do than to fool nd in armour at Earl's Court! Our remarks are chiefly cted to the Duke of Marlborough, Viscount Crichton, Lord Tweedmouth, all of whom are said to possess tively gorgeous suits of mail in which to delight the ing patrons of Shakespeare's England.

* * *

he Earl of Shrewsbury, by the way, absolutely carried y the prize for ridiculousness, by riding round the tents rehearsal in a grey frock-coat and silk hat, and with an orella for a lance!

* * *

he Home Secretary Afraid?

What's the matter with Mr. McKenna? Is he afraid? way, he certainly does not strike the unbiassed observer being over-courageous. When he was asked his reasons, other day, for reducing the sentence on Crowsley—the dicalist convicted for advising soldiers "not to shoot"— said that "it was not the practice of the Home Office to e the grounds on which, at the advice of the Govern- nt, his Majesty exercised the prerogative of mercy."

* * *

uch a practice of concealment must be decidedly con- ient for mild Mr. McKenna—but why, in reason's name, uld it obtain? Surely if a man has done anything whereby sentence is mitigated, no possible harm can be done by lishing his virtues to the world; and if he has done hing to lessen the duration of his penance, his original tence ought to remain unaltered.

* * *

nce again, we ask, what is the matter with Mr. McKenna? he afraid? And if so, what is he afraid of? Is it the dicalist movement?

* * *

. Churchill and Dignity.

The picture the mind conjures up on reading of Mr. nston Churchill being held by the heels in an inverted sition, to enable him to kiss the famous Blarney stone, es not altogether accord with one's notion of the dignity aching to the exalted position of which he is so distinguished an ornament. And there are certain uncharitable folk who aver that there really was no need for the First Sea Lord to risk his neck for any such purpose!

* * *

Magisterial Discretion.

Motor-"trapping" is a sport which must be better regulated if it is to become popular. There's such a distressing lack of uniformity about it. In one place you're held up if you exceed the very moderate speed-limit of ten miles an hour. In another you may do quite a respectable twenty-mile in sixty minutes sprint without having your number jotted down in the official note-book.

* * *

Then again, some magistrates will lighten your pockets to the tune of only ten shillings. Where others are in question, your offence may cost you more—considerably more—even so much as ten golden sovereigns. It's a great thing, this magisterial discretion, but it does make things so very uncertain.

* * *

Eye-Opener for Meat Eaters.

This foot-and-mouth disease outbreak throughout the country is going to be a big eye-opener to people who fondly imagine that they habitually eat English meat.

They do not; and they will soon find it out. The proof lies in the fact that although little or no real English meat is being slaughtered at the present moment, butchers are feeling no shortage in so-called "English" produce. Why is this?

* * *

Simply because it is Argentine frozen meat, cunningly unchilled, and sold at higher prices. A well-known butcher stated recently to the writer that if every person who fancied he or she was buying British meat really did so, the price of the tiny quantity available would be at least 2s. 6d. per lb.!

* * *

The "Guide to Paris."

For some weeks past a playlet has been produced at the Alhambra under the title of the "Guide to Paris," purporting to be by Mr. George Grossmith, jun. As a matter of fact, it is no more nor less than an adaptation of "La Vie Parisienne," by the late Messrs. Meilhac and Halery. Naturally enough, a certain amount of disapproval, amounting here and there to indignation, is felt in the literary and dramatic circles of Paris. One rather witty writer suggests that Mr. Grossmith should now adapt "Les Cloches de Corneville," "La Dame aux Camelias" and "Madame Sans Gene," and present them as his original efforts. The writer adds trenchantly that Mr. Grossmith was charming in the part of a burglar in "Our Miss Gibbs."

* * *

Respecting the Monarchy.

It is sometimes a pity that the same laws do not obtain in this country as on the Continent. News comes to hand from Saarbrucken that a clerk named Heinrich Scatz has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment. At a meeting held in a café, Schatz turned a bust of the Emperor William to the wall, accompanying the action with an offensive remark.

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Though the sentence in this case certainly seems rather drastic, we decidedly think that something of the kind might be beneficial to men such as Will Thorne, after shouting, at a municipal meeting "The King be hanged!"

* * *

The Danger of Spiritualism.

The danger as well as the stupidity of spiritualism has been well illustrated by the Colley divorce case. Archdeacon Colley, whose "spirit" messages had much to do with the course taken by his son, is the eccentric gentleman who not so very long ago had himself carried in a coffin round his church, by way of varying the usual order of evensong! "Spirit" messages from such a quarter might well be looked upon with suspicion, and fortunately for the interests of truth and justice, Captain Colley lost the day.

* * *

But supposing the jury had been spiritualists. The result might then have been very different. And therein lies one of the chief dangers of the spiritualistic cult.

It is stated that a dairy for the manufacture of "Cheshire cheese" in Siberia, under the supervision of an English expert, has been started at Biesk. Does this mean that the spurious article is to be confounded with the genuine, so that we shall never be certain whether we are buying English "Cheshire" or its Siberian substitute?

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There is far too much of this sort of thing already, and stringent measures should be taken to check the evil, which decidedly is a growing one.

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Question of Inconvenience.

A case arose quite recently at Enfield which will be of interest to all Englishmen who study their rights, such as the latter are nowadays. William Robert Freeman, the licensee of the George Hotel, Enfield, had, so it appears, two soldiers billetted on him, but declined them accommodation, on the ground that the five bed-rooms which he had were all occupied, and the house itself was undergoing repair. It seems a fairly reasonable excuse; but the defendant was ordered to pay a fine of £2 and costs, or in default to undergo one month's hard labour.

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Counsel who appeared for the Director of Public Prosecutions, stated that the action had been brought on through the instrumentality of the War Office, with the main object of warning other licensees that they were bound to take in soldiers when on march.

* * *

There are no keener patriots than we of the *Modern Man*; but though we firmly believe that every British householder, *in times of war*, should be made to put up as many of our country's soldiers and sailors as needs may require, still we do not see why, in the piping times of peace, when tents can be rigged up, men should be allowed by law to be an inconvenience and expense to free citizens simply because they happen to wear a soldier's uniform.

* * *

Council's Unenviable Reputation.

The Bournemouth Town Council seem determined to maintain the unenviable reputation for rampant Sabbatarianism the popular seaside resort has earned for itself—or, rather, which has been earned for it by its municipal Stigginses and Chadbands.

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It has been decided, by 22 votes to 16, that it is not desirable for the band of the municipality to play on Sundays during the summer months. However, 16 is a hopeful minority, when the kill-joys are only six in excess. It suggests the optimistic reflection that the day may not be very remote when Councillor Hodges, of the minority, will no longer be able to say that Bournemouth's dull Sunday is talked about all over England.

* * *

More Sabbatarian Obsession.

Seaside resorts, apparently, are more prone than are other places to Sabbatarian obsession. A Streatham man, whose wife is staying at a Bognor convalescent home, received a letter last Monday morning which she had indited the previous day. It is pencil-written, and begins: "I am writing this out-of-doors, as we are not allowed to write letters in the Home on Sundays"! That, surely, is the limit.

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It may be added that all inmates of this sacrosanct shrine of piety and convalescence are compelled to go to some place of worship every Sunday during their stay. An undertaking to the effect that they will do so is one of the primary conditions of admission.

* * *

Conscientious sceptics may thus be excluded from the sacred precincts, but the good (?) achieved by this means must be more than counterbalanced by the hypocrisy it engenders in those who will profess to be anything, all the way from a Muggletonian to a Pentecostal Dancer, if only they thereby secure the benefits of a temptingly inexpensive rest cure.

* * *

Relegated to a Back Seat.

Modern Man has secured a place among the prophets. The statement appearing in this paper last week to the effect that Mr. Champ Clark had no chance of becoming President of the United States was written at a time when indications pointed apparently in quite the opposite direction.

But *Modern Man* was right, nevertheless. Mr. Champ Clark and his "houn' dawg" have been relegated to a back seat, and Mr. Woodrow Wilson is the accepted Presidential candidate of the Democratic Party. Good luck to him!

* * *

Kubelik and a Boom.

Everybody comes in for a showing-up now and then; and the latest celebrity to undergo this unpleasant process is Jan Kubelik, the famous violinist. It is said that he found that the Coronation festivities last year affected his concert receipts adversely, so that he approached Mr. Thomas Lumley Dann, a Press Agent, of "Matinée Hat Action" fame, to persuade the latter to "work a boom" for him.

* * *

Among other astute schemes, Mr. Dann is stated to have unearthed a remarkable boy genius, to whom the benevolent Kubelik presented a *very* costly violin—in full view of a Press camera, and several busily-scribbling reporters.

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Pah! We knew that the lesser red-nosed comedians, and others, were addicted to this sort of thing; but we had a rooted idea—till just lately—that the bright particular stars of the highest musical world were rather above it.

* * *

Queer Notions of Patriotism.

It would appear that railway companies have queer notions of patriotism. In these days of growing necessity for a strong reserve of home defence, every encouragement should be held out to induce young fellows to join the Territorials. Giving them the impression that citizen soldiers are to be looked upon as a species of inferior animal, and limiting Territorials to Sunday, so far as provision for railway travelling is concerned, certainly tends to generate that impression.

* * *

Through being obliged to have notices issued for men to go to camp on Sunday, July 28th, Major Arthur Brodrick, brother of Lord Midleton, is considering whether he shall not resign his commission. As he very succintly, if caustically, put it, had he wished to take 500 excursionists to Eastbourne on a Saturday the railway company would doubtless have supplied a train. Well, if 500 excursionists, why not 500 Territorials?

* * *

Railway companies naturally view with disfavour the very notion of their systems being nationalised, but they certainly go the right way to work, sometimes, to hasten that which they wish to retard.

* * *

An Astonishing Defence.

Just as we deplore the unnecessary severity of some magistrates in imposing sentences, so do we view with dismay, not untinged with indignation, the almost idiotic lenience of other dispensers of justice. Here is a positively glaring case in point. "My mistress was cross with me, and I did it out of revenge," said a young domestic servant at Surrey Quarter Sessions, when charged with having placed spirits of salts in the tea of her employers, a married couple.

* * *

The utterly astonishing part is that, after merely expressing regret, the girl was bound over (forsooth!) under the Probation Act. We desire to point out that this same offence on the part of evilly inclined servants has been appallingly prevalent for a long time past; and such lenience can hardly fail to encourage its repetition, even more daringly by others.

* * *

It is true that the girl, in the case in question, was very young, only fifteen, and the salts had not been added in sufficient quality to do any serious harm; but the latter fact was probably by no means due to the girl's solicitude for her employers' welfare.

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She admittedly did the thing deliberately to cause their injury—if not death—and she should certainly have been severely punished. At least she should have been sent to a reformatory for a term of years.

* * *

Death in Signal-Box.

Another case of death in a signal-box! It may be quite true that, to such a state of perfection has the block system been brought that there isn't the slightest necessity for the signalman to have a companion. But the most perfect of systems do not, as a matter of fact, provide against all

possible contingencies, and railway travellers would feel more restful in their minds if they could shut out the mental picture of the solitary signalman lying dead on the floor of his box when their train is speeding by.

* * *

Well Meant, but Futile.

Of learned Commissions, Royal or under the auspices of the House of Commons, there is no end; and the latest of them is the House of Commons' discussion of the Criminal Law Amendment (White Slave Traffic) Bill. With every respect for the excellent intentions of the gentlemen engaged upon it, we, as men of the world, fear that little will result from it that will either purify the present state of affairs in this regard, or improve the conditions of unfortunate women.

* * *

When a grandmotherly Government attempted to put down street betting, they were "up against" a very stiff task (for they have by no means stamped it out yet); but in attemping to do away—even in the slightest degree—with the white slave traffic, they have to contend with a tougher proposition still. They will never do it—nor any successive Governments while the world lasts.

* * *

All that the present debates resolve themselves into is a series of assemblies by well meaning gentlemen who solemnly talk grubbiness to one another, for an entirely futile purpose. So far, indeed, they have not even got anywhere near to the really horrible phases of the evil in England. *Modern Man*, if it liked, could put them on the right track, so that they could introduce some salutary reforms; but the time is not just yet.

* * *

Warning to go Slow.

All honour to Canon Hensley Henson! He is a modern man after *Modern Man's* own heart. The incongruity—to employ a euphemism—of the clergyman who officiates at the burial of a notorious *roué* talking about "the sure and certain hope" of the dead man's "resurrection to eternal life" has long been manifest, but it was reserved for Canon Henson to secure the amending of the interment prayer containing those words.

* * *

At the same time, he and his fellow reformers had better go a bit slow, and temper their admirable zeal with equally admirable discretion. Their object seems to be to have two forms of the prayer—the old and a new—either of which the graveside cleric may use as it pleaseth him.

* * *

If that intention be carried out, there's going to be trouble. No dead man's relatives would like the suggestion of his having been worse than other dead men. There should be only one form of the prayer, a form that could be read over all sorts and conditions of the departed, without implying, on the one hand, that they died in the odour of sanctity, or, on the other, that the least said about them the better. If Convocation cannot hit upon such an all-round, non-committal form, *Modern Man* is quite prepared to take the job on.

* * *

New Craze for Gambling.

[Everywhere people are being bitten with the new craze for gambling.—Vide the Sunday shockers.]

MRS. GRUNDY:

Listen, friends. My words are short,
But they are full of wisdom great.
Two kinds there are of this new sport—
One harmless, and one reprobate.

Go, gambol on the vardant sward,
Or gambol in the dancing surf;
But *please* don't gamble at a board,
Nor gamble on the Turf!

THE MODERN MAN.

No. 2.—CANADA'S PRIME MINISTER.

The Rt. Hon. Robert Laird Borden, K.C., is the modern man of the moment. Mr. Borden comes from Canada with the burden of Empire on his shoulders and a proposal in his pocket that Canada—"The white lady of the snows," as the poet calls her—shall help with ships o' war to defend the Empire against all comers. Whereupon he has been made the subject of enthusiastic eulogies. People always are ready to praise those who are willing to give them something for nothing.

The Burden of his Song.

That, not to enter into the subtleties of the situation, is probably what the Canadian offer will amount to, and John Bull, accordingly, exudes gratitude from every pore, perspiring to keep up with the monetary demands of the Army and Navy.

Mr. Borden believes in borders. At all events, he has no wish to see wiped off the map those lines which delimit the northern boundary of the almighty dollar. "Keep Canada British," is the burden of his song, and he sings it in such persuasive yet stentorian tones that Canada has decided to be kept accordingly, and help to keep Briton into the bargain.

The Canadian Premier was born in Nova Scotia fifty-eight years ago. He was a Liberal as a young man, but he entered Parliament in 1896 as a Conservative, and in 1901 was chosen leader of the Party, which in Canada as in England stands for Imperialism, Imperial preference (otherwise known as giving a bit back to mother), and anything else which will warn the Yankee from the States that Canada has no intention of being gobbled up by the eagle that flies under the star-spangled banner.

British to the Backbone.

You have only to look at the picture of the Rt. Hon. Robert to know that he is British to the backbone, and of Scot blood at that. He is a handsome man with beautiful wavy hair parted in the middle; a fine brow, and a determined chin. He doesn't look like an orator, and he isn't one. He can speak clearly and well, and in debate is a great force, but for haranguing a crowd and stirring the stones of Toronto to rise and do things, he is not a patch on Brutus or the late lamented Mark Antony, which shows that he is a true modern.

None of the great men of the time is a great orator. Oratory is a trick for making people believe they want something they don't want—and the trick is played out. The great modern idea in politics, as in newspapers or groceries, is to find out what people do want and then give it them.

Cynics might say that Mr. Borden discovered early on that our Canadian cousins didn't want to be adopted or abducted by America; that they did think lovingly of the old folk at home; and would, in their well-to-do days, love to do something for the Empire which has sent Canada much of its best blood and brains.

Whether Mr. Borden was actuated by this opportunism or not when he changed his party we, not being thought-readers, cannot say. But whatever his motive there is no doubt that he has devoted himself to the elaboration of detail necessary to the manifestation of these ideas and sentiments. Thereby he has "got there" and come here, and he is receiving a welcome which it is to be hoped will repay him for risking an English summer and the minor dangers and comparative dryness of a transatlantic voyage.

By the way, one of the things he and his Cabinet colleagues will discuss with our Government is the question of improving the steamship service between Great Britain and Canada. That is too bad of Mr. Borden.

On Altering a Cry.

The terror of prolonged sea sickness is the only remaining deterrent which keeps young people in England. Cut down the voyage to Quebec by a few days, and who of us will stay in the Motherland? Then Canada will have to change her cry to Canada "keeps the British." In any case, it seems to be her intention to help to keep the British Empire great and guaranteed to wear longer than Rome or Carthage did—and that is quite enough to make us shout "Bravo for Borden."

NOBBLETON'S NOSE:

WHAT A MYSTERIOUS TELEGRAM DEPRIVED HIM OF.

By ROBERT OVERTON.

Nobbleton's nose had always stood in his way. In fact, it seemed to get in everybody's way—it was so large as well as so unshapely. In turning a corner, it always got round first, and it took up a lot of room. It was, indeed, so big and so ugly that it dwarfed poor Nobbleton's other facial blemishes, among them multitudinous wrinkles. The wrinkles were premature, for Nobbleton was barely twenty-five—they had all been caused by the worry about his nose.

In the days of the nose's infancy, visitors to the nursery had fainted at the sight of it. When the nose went to school, accompanied by Nobbleton, satirical verses were written about it, and satirical drawings of it were plentiful.

Later in life Nobbleton took his nose to the family doctor, whose sense of professional etiquette was shocked at the bare idea that he should be consulted about what was merely a physiognomical defect, not a disease.

"Your nose, sir," he said, "is the decree of an inscrutable providence—it is your thorn in the flesh—and you must put up with it."

"Yes," groaned his would-be patient, "I must put up with it. I must carry it about with me till I die—and even then there'll be trouble with it, for they'll never be able to pack it comfortably inside any ordinary-sized coffin."

The climax of our hero's woe synchronised with his first serious affair of the heart. He fell over ears and nose in love with pretty little Connie Passmore.

In his bashfulness—for his nose had kept him shy—he first declared the state of his affections to Passmore *pere*, who promptly spoke to his daughter. He pointed out that her now declared lover was young, well-to-do, of good family and blameless life. Nothing but his nose was against him. Connie admitted all this. Any other facial defect she could, and willingly would, have overlooked; but in nothing less than pitch darkness could his nose be overlooked—and even then it was constantly liable to be collided with.

"I-l-l-love him, pa," she sobbingly acknowledged; "and I respect d-d-deeply his b-b-banking account; but I feel that I could never be led to the altar by the nose—I mean that I could never stand at the altar by the s-s-side of such a n-n-nose as poor Bertie has to c-c-carry about with him. I would gladly share his wealth with him, papa, but I could not live with his nose. I feel that I could never be faithful to such a nose as poor Bertie is affli-fli-flicted with."

So it was in the negative that, through her regretful and disappointed father, she answered her wretched suitor.

But not less disappointed than her father at the loss of so excellent a chance in life, and in fact little less wretched than Bertie himself, for she really cared very much for all of him except his nose, Connie realised more and more fully, and more and more sorrowfully, as the days went on, that in sacrificing her affections and her prospects she had cut herself off from more than she had originally appreciated; and at last she so far wavered and so far showed an inclination to capitulate as to grant her lover an interview, at which she tentatively withdrew her definite refusal, and promised him her final answer in a month's time. He might call for it himself that day month. In the meantime he must not once attempt to see her.

"It all depends on something," she told him.

"It all depends on you, dear," he urged.

On the morning that followed the evening of this interview, with its indefinite purport and ambiguous result, Bertie Nobbleton received an anonymous and a mysterious telegram.

The body of the message contained nothing but an address. Not a word but his own name and address preceded, and not a word followed, the cryptic phrase:—

"Eighty-two Dover Street, Piccadilly; second floor."

Bertie did what everybody else would have done—he hurried to Dover Street, wondering all the way what on earth could be up.

In front of number eighty-two, but on the opposite side of the street, he halted. The moment the shadow of his nose fell across the thoroughfare and darkened the open doorway of the house specified in his telegram, a commissionaire—as though he had been on the look-out for it—emerged and beckoned Bertie an invitation to come over the road and enter.

Feeling more completely in the dark than ever, "I'll see this thing right through" the latter said to himself, and over he crossed.

The commissionaire pounced on him. Without opening his mouth to offer a single word of explanation, and ignoring every question and ejaculation, he seized him by the arm and bundled him into the lift at the end of the passage.

Running him up two storeys, and stopping with a jerk, he seized hold of him again, still in persistent silence, and pushed him to the other side of a door exactly opposite to where the lift had halted. Opening an inner door without knocking—and still acting with a deliberation that conveyed the impression that in all he did he was obeying definite instructions—the uniformed functionary cried loudly "Mr. Nobbleton, sir. Got him," thrust Bertie forward in front of him, closed the door, and disappeared, presumably to resume point duty in the hall. His "special" duty had been executed in identifying the easily identifiable Bertie, making sure of his desired presence within the suite of rooms on the second floor, and confronting him with the distinguished looking gentleman to whom he had announced his arrival.

This gentleman rose courteously at Bertie's sudden and very unceremonious entrance.

"You desire to consult me, I presume?" he said suavely. "Pray be seated, sir."

"I desire to know what all this means," blurted Bertie.

"I don't understand you. Please explain."

"It is for *you* to explain to *me*, sir, if you are the keeper of the hired maniac who has rushed me up here from the street."

"Keep calm, sir. Tell me precisely what has happened? I observed you just now on the opposite side of the street, gazing up at these offices."

"Did you instigate my being brought into them, almost by main force?"

"Certainly not. But permit me to tender a possible explanation. I am Professor Porte Duval, the beauty specialist. Now I look closely at you I perceive that one of your features is of somewhat abnormal development. The commissionaire may have noticed, too, the little peculiarity I refer to; concluded that you were looking for my consulting rooms, and taken pains to prevent you from missing them."

"Are your remarks intended to apply to my nose, sir?"

"Frankly, they are, sir. I invite your confidence. I offer my services. Never mind how you come to be here—let us avail ourselves of the plain fact that you are here. For years I have been longing to find myself up against a nose like yours, in order to test and prove that my art is equal to anything. Your nose, sir, is a far larger one than even in my wildest and most ambitious dreams I have ever dared to hope of meeting. It is a trunk, sir. Place it in my hands, and within a few weeks—excuse the poetry of the simile—I will reduce and transform it to a beak."

* * *

The month was up.

A taxi glided swiftly down the road where was situated the domicile of the Passmores, at whose gate it stopped.

Bertie alighted.

But was it Bertie? If so, where was his nose?

Gone!—or at least all that was left of it was a nasal organ of average length and shape.

Connie fell into his arms—there was no abnormal nose now to come between them, either literally or figuratively, or to get in the way of the ready kiss which let him know her "final answer."

Only the last words of their "lovers' talk" are of any interest for outsiders. They show to what topic the conversation had been diverted.

"Then it was you, Connie, who found out all about Duval, sent me that telegram, schemed and plotted the whole thing?"

"Yes, Bertie."

"Heaven bless you."

SHELLING OUT.

PLEA FOR AN ANTI-TIPPING SOCIETY.

We live in an age of unions, clubs and societies. You pay your money and you can become a Buffalo, a Druid, a Suffragette or an Anarchist. Union is strength. No one would dare to proclaim himself a Buffalo unless he discovered other kindred spirits obsessed by similar zoological leanings.

Looking for a Hero.

We have anti-tippling societies, but not anti-tipping. Hence this script. The opportunity, it is said, produces the man. It is quite time opportunity unearthed the hero who would lay down his life at the feet of infuriated porters in such a cause as this.

But where is the man who will have a shilling ride in a taxi and tender expectant Autolycus just a "bob" and nothing more? Where is the man that will have tea and cakes in a restaurant and leave no latent twopence under the plate? If such a man existed he would be proclaimed either a god or a lunatic.

But suppose someone started an anti-tipping society? Of course, he would find things rather brisk to begin with. Porters would try to push him under the train; waitresses would put rat poison in his cucumber sandwiches, and he would have to give a barber's shop a miss-in-baulk.

Still, every great cause claims its martyrs. Look at Ridley and Latimer, and Mrs. Pankhurst. What a glorious opportunity for an aspiring politician! "Vote for Thomas and No Tips" would be a welcome variant on the usual party parrotings.

After a few violent deaths the millennium would arrive, and a man caught tipping would be sent to gaol for two years with hard labour for the first offence, and transported for the second.

In the meanwhile we set out for a holiday, and the railway porter wants—and gets—his tip, and the hotel porter exacts his "gratuity," and the hotel proprietor extorts his "extras," and we pay a penny for a halfpenny paper, and we get no change, and we come back and we vow we will never tip again.

Then next year the first questioning glance of a grimy porter scatters all our bold resolutions to the wind, and we cannot find twopence, and we give him sixpence, and so the hopeless depredation goes on.

Some Mental Anxiety.

And there is not only the ceaseless shelling out, there is the mental anxiety that accompanies it. This man, we say to ourselves, seems quite a superior person. Shall I give him twopence or sixpence; or is he sea-green and incorruptible and likely to cast my humble offering down at my feet with chidings and revilings? Then, if you're staying at an hotel there is always some vacuous idiot who will be observed to tender the boots ten shillings, just as you are searching for a threepenny bit.

Then there are nerve-racking situations when you are viewing the interior of some historic domain, and wonder whether the polite stranger is the butler or he duke.

Only people with cast-iron wills can stand out against this sort of thing. Sooner or later we fall victims to a horrible malady, which the doctors, when they discover it, will probably label "Gratuititis." The preliminary symptoms are a continual tendency of the hands towards the trouser pockets. In the second stage this symptom becomes acute, and the patient is continually diving into his pockets and showering coins of the realm on every stranger with whom he comes in contact. The only known cure is a fortnight in Scotland.

Lesser of Two Evils.

Yet, as things are now, tipping is the lesser of two evils. If you don't tip the porter your luggage goes to Seven Dials instead of Sevenoaks; or you meet it at the station a fortnight later, when you are coming home again. If you don't tip the waiter at the hotel you won't get your soap at all, or you will get it down your neck. And if you don't tip the barber who shaves you—well, you'd better try a fresh one every time.

A. G. R.

PITHY MIXTURE.

POINTED PARS FROM ALL QUARTERS.

Nose rubbing is suggested as a substitute for kissing in a Bill to be laid before the Wisconsin Legislature.

* * *

A Sydenham firm of auctioneers has sold the carved mahogany bed in which "Prince Charlie" slept for three nights before the battle of Culloden, in 1745, for £500.

* * *

Mr. Wm. Kendall, the young South African pianist, has broken the world's record for piano-playing at Potchefstroom, where he completed 74 hours' continuous playing. His last selections were "Rule Britannia" and the National Anthem.

* * *

The latest addition to the list of the many musical inventions that characterise the age is a self-playing violin. It has mechanical fingers and a horsehair bow, whose pressure is varied to produce increase or diminution in tone. That tone is fully characteristic, and includes the violinist's "close shake" or vibrato.

* * *

Among children who are fortunate in possessing an unusual number of grandparents, must certainly be numbered the four-year-old son of Mr. F. G. Kerridge, of Bush Farm, Littleport, Cambs.

He has two grandmothers, three great-grandmothers, two grandfathers, and two great-grandfathers living.

* * *

A bird has built its nest in a human skull lying in the vault of a church at Rothwell, Northamptonshire. Apparently the bird entered the place through the ventilator, and, after selecting the largest cranium among the rows of skulls on the shelves, proceeded to enlarge a hole in it which had probably been made in the first place by a battleaxe. The vault was discovered over 200 years ago, when a digger fell into it by accident.

* * *

The directors of the Western Railway in France are said to be about to inaugurate a novelty in the shape of silence carriages for those who wish to travel without being bored or disturbed by conversation. It has been suggested that the next change will be the "windows open" and "windows closed" compartments. It is thought that the silence compartments will not be successful, as it is doubtful if anyone of French nationality could travel from Paris to Nantes without speaking.

* * *

The disappearance three years ago of receipts representing deposits of £600 has just been cleared up. They were lost from among the papers of Mr. William Lewis, an Aberdeen master plumber. Search proved unavailing, and the disappearance led to a lawsuit.

A few days ago a man purchased for threepence in an Aberdeen pawnshop an old silk hat. In the lining were some papers. These the purchaser left on the shop counter. The papers proved to be the long-lost receipts.

THE PENALTY OF OVERWORK.

To the business man who finds himself getting run down through overwork, Mr. Ambrose Wilson tenders some valuable advice.

"To take drugs," he says, "to induce sleep is little short of criminal; it means that if a man in this condition takes a few grains of some potent drug to induce sleep he must perforce increase the dose as his body becomes accustomed to the drug.

"Whenever I feel a warning note that tells me that I am in for a sleepless night, I take a warm bath, and put on one of my Magneto Belts, and get into bed. In a few moments I feel the benefit of the magnetism my body is absorbing from the belt. I feel my nerves going steadier, a pleasant glow of warmth pervades me from head to heel, every function of the body returns to its normal condition, and in a few moments I sink into a pleasant sleep. When I wake next morning I feel myself thoroughly refreshed."

A SCHOLAR AND SOLOMON.

Some capital stories have been told of the Archbishop of Canterbury. One day when a curate at Thirlford he took a Sunday school class in a neighbouring parish. The subject was King Solomon, and after the lesson he proceeded to catechise the children.

"Tell me, boys," he said, "what was the difference between Solomon and other men?" There was no answer. "Come, come!" said the future archbishop. "Was there any difference, for instance, between King Solomon and myself?" A tiny hand went up, and a tiny voice replied: "Please, sir, Solomon was wise!"

Dr. Davidson is one of the vigorous men who believe in the "early to bed early to rise" principle. When he was Private Secretary to his father-in-law, the late Archbishop Tait, they both used to rise at five o'clock in the morning, and an aged official at the Palace declared the days of the Church of England to be numbered, for he had, he said, seen three primates, but never one before who rose at such an unconscionably early hour.

"Clumsy of you to fall overboard," said the critical friend.

"I didn't fall overboard," replied the man who never confesses to a mistake. "The biggest fish I ever saw swam alongside and I couldn't resist the temptation to dive for him."

FELLOW-LODGER SPIDER.

A remarkable spider story is told by Mr. Algot Lange in his book "In the Amazon Jungle," in which he describes his adventures among wild beasts and savages.

"While convalescing from my first attack of swamp fever," he says, "I had occasion to study a most remarkable species of spider, which was a fellow-lodger in the hut I then occupied. In size, the specimen was very respectable, being able to cover a circle of nearly six inches in diameter. This spider subsists on large insects, and at times on the smaller varieties of birds, like finches, etc. Its scientific name is Mygale avicularia.

"The natives dread it for its poisonous bite, and on account of its great size and hairy body. The first time I saw the one in my hut was when it was climbing the wall in close proximity to my hammock. I got up and tried to crush it my my fist, and the spider made a lighting-quick move, and stopped about five or six inches from where I hit the wall.

"Several times I repeated the attack without success, the spider always succeeding in moving before it could be touched. Somewhat out of temper, I procured a hammer of large size and continued the chase until I was exhausted. When my hand grew steady again I took my automatic pistol, used for big game, and, taking a steady aim on the fat body of the spider, I fired. But with another of the remarkably quick movements the spider landed the usually safe distance from destruction. Then I gave it up."

"There seems to be a penalty provided for everything but stealing a man's daughter!"

"There's a penalty for that, too."

"I'd like to know what it is?"

"Hard labour for life."

LOST IN MASHONALAND.

Earl Grey has had some thrilling experiences. Some years ago he was lost in Mashonaland. His friends had given up all hope of ever seeing him again when he reappeared—smiling, as usual.

Lord Grey, the inventor of the temperance public-house, had a strange electoral experience when, as Mr. Albert Grey, he put up for Parliament in 1878 as a Liberal. Both he and his opponent, Mr. Ridley, polled the same number of votes. The Returning Officer declined to give a casting vote, with the result that both candidates presented themselves at the table of the House of Commons to take the oath.

Subsequently, however, a scrutiny was made, and some of the ballot papers being found to be unmarked, Mr. Ridley was declared to be the legal holder of the seat. Lord Grey was born within the walls of St. James's Palace, where his father officiated as private secretary to Queen Victoria.

WHY HE KISSED A PONY.

When Mr. Harry Lauder, wearing a kilt and other accoutrements of his country folk, visited the sands at Blackpool to look at the donkeys and to give prizes to those who showed evidence of being well cared for, he told a moving story out of his early life.

"I am going to tell you," he said, "why I take so great an interest in the dumb animal. I was a pony driver in the coal mine, and one day I was driving into the coal face. I was going through what they call a drift, and my little pony stopped where the roof was very high and very dangerous. I wondered why the pony stopped for a second or so. I gave him a crack with my whip.

"Immediately I struck him with the whip he turned round to the side of the little tub I was sitting in, and I am not exaggerating when I tell you that about 100,000 tons of stone fell. Had it not been for the cuteness of the hearing of that pony we should both have been buried alive. I owe my life to the Shetland pony. Instead of licking my pony because he didn't go, when I saw what happened I jumped out of the tub and put my arm round his neck and I kissed him. If he was alive I would have a nice little field for him where he could run about wild."

"After I am gone," he complained, "people will begin to notice what I have done."

"Well," his wife sadly replied, "if they do it won't take them long."

NOVEL READING IN CATHEDRAL.

After having been engaged at St. Paul's Cathedral for over half a century, Mr. James Brown has been compelled to resign his present position of senior verger owing to ill-health.

Mr. Brown, who is seventy years of age, remembers the days when, during Dean Church's time, people took their lunches with them to the Cathedral, and having eaten, read novels and papers. That was soon put a stop to, and so eventually was the practice, quite common about this time, for a large number of the congregation, having enjoyed the music, to walk out in a body just before the sermon.

At first the Dean and Chapter tried to put an end to it by putting the sermon before the anthem, but that only resulted in many people not arriving till after the sermon. "We used to be troubled very much with intruding lunatics, and also dogs, who interrupted the services," said Mr. Brown in the course of an interview. "However, we did not, like some Welsh cathedrals, keep an appliance like a pair of tongs for catching the dogs."

One Dean of St. Paul's asked Mr. Brown how many miles he thought he had walked in the cathedral. He now computes he has walked altogether nearly 30,000 miles.

Having need of some small change the mistress of the house stepped to the top of the back stairs. "Bessie," she called to the maid below, "have you any coppers down there?" "Yes'm—two," faltered Bessie, "but they're both my cousins, please m'm."

DIAMOND WAISTCOAT BUTTONS.

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon owns estates as large as Middlesex and Rutland combined, with deer forests and grouse moors, salmon and trout fisheries, and what, perhaps, is the most fashionable race-course in the country.

The family possesses a priceless collection of Oriental jewels. One splendid diamond belonged to the founder of the Mogul dynasty in India; twelve solitaire diamonds formed the waistcoat buttons of a Brazilian Emperor, and a wondrous black diamond did duty for centuries as the glittering eye of an Indian idol.

The fourth Duke of Gordon fought the Duke of York, and escaped with his life, only to die from a bite from a tame fox when serving as Governor-General of Canada. The second Duke was the father of daughters of whom one refused the offer of marriage to a King of England, to become mother of the conqueror of Scinde and the historian of the Peninsula War.

SHOULD THE "DAILY MAIL" BE PROSECUTED?

HOW THE POWER OF THE PRESS CAN BE GRIEVOUSLY MISAPPLIED.

The pen, we are told, is mightier than the sword; and the corollary which this article purposes to establish is that, just as the sword, strongly wielded for evil, can be productive of indescribable tragedy and disaster, so the pen, used contrary to the interests of law and order, will bring about even greater catastrophe.

Necessity of Sincerity of Purpose.

He who has the power to sway the minds of the masses with his pen, or with the pens of those who write as he decrees, should be a man possessed of great—nay, abnormal qualities—a deep human knowledge and sympathy, a far-reaching command of ethics, and a firm sincerity of purpose. We may be permitted to doubt whether Lord Northcliffe possesses these, if, indeed, he can lay claim to one of them in any marked degree.

The "Daily Mail"—an organ which, according to its proud boast, possesses a circulation greater than that of any morning paper—is being exploited—nay, has for long been exploited—rather for sensationalism than for the good of the public. In this connection, our present indictment against the "Daily Mail" refers to the attitude it has chosen to take up with regard to the National Insurance Act.

We say plainly, here and now, that the "Daily Mail" is encouraging the British people to defy the Insurance Act, to refuse to concede to a measure which has been made law, in other words, to become law-breakers.

An Echo of the Past.

The "Daily Mail"—let us say it straightaway—is staffed by exceptionally clever men—men who know unfailingly how to play upon the sympathies, the enthusiasms, or the aversions of a nation which, unhappily, is by no means as level-headed as it once was. We know that there are subjects which the "Daily Mail" sensing correctly a momentary phase of national hysteria, will take up and convert into questions of apparently Imperial significance. And we also know that there are other topics, in reality far more vital, which the "Daily Mail" will leave severely alone, realising that they will not be to the popular taste.

We well remember, as doubtless every one of our readers will remember, how a few years ago the famous daily newspaper under discussion conducted a self-initiated campaign against certain firms of soap manufacturers, and succeeded for a time in persuading the public to boycott the products of those firms. The allegations, most of them found afterwards to be without a shadow of foundation, were made by the "Daily Mail" against the manufacturers in question; and it is safe to say that, for a period of some weeks, the nation's indignation was stirred from end to end by the articles in the "Daily Mail."

The true rights and wrongs of the case, however, came to light when, as a result of rapidly succeeding actions taken by most of the soap firms, the "Daily Mail" was ordered by the High Courts of Justice to pay enormous damages, stupendous sums which only a huge organisation such as the Associated Newspapers, Ltd., could hope to liquidate without financial disaster.

Stirring up Widespread Antipathy.

It is in the same sort of spirit that the "Daily Mail" has taken up Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Act. After stirring up a widespread antipathy, among the less educated sections of the population, against a measure in which we of the *Modern Man*—though no political partisans—see some points that seem actually beneficial, Lord Northcliffe's powerful organ has been encouraging its readers not to pay the Insurance taxes, which, mark you, have now been imposed by the law of the land. Under these circumstances, we may with significance ask whether, like any other advocate of sedition, Lord Northcliffe ought not to be prosecuted?

The Spirit of Some Passages.

Consider the spirit of the following passages which we have taken from recent editions of the "Daily Mail." On the 27th of June that paper remarked:

"The great meeting which is to be held to-night in the Albert Hall to condemn the Insurance Act will prove to the Government that the hostility with which Mr. Lloyd George's reckless and ill-considered measure is regarded is increasing as the date for putting it into force draws near." [The italics that follow are ours, to emphasise the inflammatory tone of the "Daily Mail's" remarks.] "*Resistance to the unjust taxes is developing in every direction. The Surrey farmers have declined to work the Act, and the Border farmers have flatly refused to serve as tax-gatherers under it.* Other leading business firms announce their intention to follow the example set by Messrs. Hastier, the well-known firm of solicitors. Messrs. Hastier stated two days ago, *in our columns*, that they meant to *defy the Act.* . . ." In another column of the same paper is a paragraph announcing that Messrs. Hastier have received expression of approval from many quarters, and quoting nine letters, all breathing defiance of the Act.

The "Daily Mail" for June 28th (the following day), contains a long account of the meeting at the Albert Hall. This is under a flaring "splash head," in which the words stand out boldly, "WE WILL NOT PAY." An introductory paragraph to the report runs, "Women and men of all classes and of every part of the United Kingdom were present. The watchword of the evening was 'We will not pay'." In the leader the following words appear, which again we permit ourselves to italicise, in order to present their full significance:—

"*We would urge servants in no case to accept the misleading advice given in the leaflets issued by the Insurance Commissioners, to rush off and join an approved society. No penalty of any kind is incurred by waiting till October 14th, and better terms will be obtained by delay.* . . ."

On July 5th, the "Daily Mail" says: "The plain and indisputable truth is that the Insurance Act has involved the country in the most gigantic and the most scandalous muddle in the experience of any nation"; and after suggesting that employers in doubt about what to do should test the matter by writing to the Insurance Commissioners, the article adds, in its own italics this time, "*Write to them and see if you can obtain an answer which will tell you clearly whether you come under the Act, and what it compels you to do.*"

On Shirking Liabilities.

Now, is this, or is it not, a deliberate suggestion to employers, that they should shirk their liabilities under the Act, on the specious ground that they do not know what they have to do? We leave the answer, in the fullest confidence, to any person who has brains to think with.

By the way, we should like to point out that although the "Daily Mail" is so active in stirring up this feeling of revolt among the general public, still the authorities at Carmelite House, that paper's headquarters, and on the Amalgamated Press, another branch of the firm, are careful to post up conspicuous bills emphasising the fact that their employees, over the age of 16 and earning less than £160 per annum, come under the operations of the Insurance Act, and urging them to join an approved society. Comment is surely needless.

Here is another point illustrating the "Daily Mail's" eagerness to stir popular feeling into defiance of the Act. The account of a recent inquest on a mason who committed suicide, and whose wife mentioned that he was puzzled about the Act, was given by the paper the startling headlines:]

UNJUST TAX SUICIDE.
WORRIED BY THE INSURANCE ACT.

Would it not have been nearer the truth to say "Worried by the 'Daily Mail'?"

Agitate But Obey the Law.

Now we come to our chief point, which we present in all earnestness. When a measure is proposed, agitate against it, if you will, with all your energy and resource; but once it has become law, abide by it, though perhaps unwillingly, as a loyal citizen should, until such time as legitimate expedients may cause it to be repealed.

Tom Mann, and others, recently suffered imprisonment for having, so it was said, incited soldiers to break the law in a possible contingency. Now, we submit—and submit confidently—that the "Napoleon of Journalism" has incited millions of people to break the law in a contingency which has become an actual fact; and we ask the Government whether, in the interests of the nation, it should not bring Lord Northcliffe to the Courts of Justice, to answer for his actions.

SWINDLES.

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS.

By WORMWOOD PORTLAND.

27.—MADE OUT OF GERMANY.

[*We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men or women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.*—EDITOR.]

Given time and opportunity for bump-feeling, phrenology may be a more or less reliable clue and even an index to a man's character; physiognomy is both an easier and truer guide; but instinct stands the real reader of human "points" of mind and temperament in far better stead than either. This instinctive ability to take the measure of anybody he cares to study is a very valuable part of a swindler's mental outfit—and I have it.

Put Down as a Spy.

For instance, I knew absolutely nothing of the Baron, but almost at first sight of him, and certainly after my first talk with him, I would have bet my life that he was of the stuff that spies are made of. It wasn't a matter of opinion with me, but of conviction, although he hadn't uttered a single suspicious or indicative word. That he was a foreigner was plain enough, but what particular breed of foreigner—Russian, German, French, Italian, or what not—I doubt whether any but a compatriot could have detected, for his cosmopolitanism seemed to extend to his very accent.

I met him in the billiard room of the "George" at Portsmouth—an hotel much patronised by naval and military men, Dockyard officials, and other toffs. He played so good a game that, short of rooking, I could only claim to play a very slightly better one; and the circumstance that we were so evenly matched made our first hundred up so interesting that we played again, and it was only after a third match that he had to admit my trifling superiority.

Shadowing the Baron.

From the very first I felt within me the stir of that instinctive feeling I have just referred to. Baron Ferdinand—the rank and name he claimed—had some purpose at the back of his mind. He wasn't over here merely for pleasure, or for any ordinary business project. For all his loquacity and free-and-easiness, I was impressed by the idea that there was a bit of a mystery about him, although I don't mean to say that I should have dropped into the heart of it by intuition—as I did do—if there hadn't been a spy scare in the air at the time.

Scenting money in the discovery that I felt sure I had hit on, I shadowed the Baron. His personal habits I ascertained myself; from postmen I pumped information as to where his letters came from, and from waiters as to the people he wrote to and received visits from—and the more I learnt the clearer it became to me that I was indeed spying on a spy in the service of some foreign Government, notwithstanding the fact that as far as actual proof was concerned I had nothing tangible to go on. However, I was quite resolved to act on the theory I had formed, even though the theory might more accurately have been described as an assumption.

Passes into Dockyard.

I led him on in what must have appeared to him the most natural manner, enticing him one night, in the billiard room, to propose a game the following afternoon.

"My dear Baron," I instantly protested, "I'm not a man of leisure and means like you. Don't you know that I have to do something for my living?"

"Is that so?" he replied, with, it struck me, a little more than merely a polite show of interest.

"Unfortunately it is so," I told him. "I can't get away to play billiards in the afternoon."

"You are not, I think, in either of what you call the Services?"

"You've never seen me in uniform, have you?" I smiled.

"Bank, perhaps?"

"No, but I have to put in about the same number of hours as though I were in a bank."

"Is it indiscreet to ask where you put them in?"

"Not at all, Baron—not at all. I'm a clerk in the Royal Dockyard Offices here. My position is a confidential one, it's true; but all the same I'm tied to time the same as my subordinates are. And just now we're so busy with new plans that I couldn't ask for even an hour or two off."

"Plans? Ah! would they be, now, of the new type of battleship you Englishmen are said to be going to build, or of the new land fortifications I see in progress?"

"Both," I said shortly—designedly shortly; and immediately changed the subject, doing so with an intentional abruptness that I noted he noted.

Was he interested in the information I had pretended to give him of my occupation and status?

My next move was to ascertain this. I had no difficulty in getting passes into the Dockyard—the authorities are far too free with their facilities in this respect. I took to entering and coming out at the hours when I should have been entering and leaving had I really been on duty.

Nibbling at the Bait.

It was all right. The Baron was nibbling at the bait I meant him to swallow. He was watching me—furtively watching me, flattering himself that I didn't observe him watching me to make sure that I hadn't deceived him! As soon as I had observed him often enough to know that his hanging-about wasn't accidental, I precipitated matters. If he were only waiting now for his chance to lead me into temptation he need wait, and should wait, no longer. I created the chance for him by placing myself under a pecuniary obligation to him.

"What's the matter with you?" I gave him cause to ask me in the middle of a game. I was losing by well-contrived bad play. "You are missing the easiest of strokes. You are not playing—and now I see that you are not looking—like yourself at all. Anything wrong with you?"

I hesitated—to give him a chance of eyeing me closely. He lowered the butt end of his cue to the floor, laid his hand on my arm, and said impressively:

"Confide in me?"

"Baron, I will," I blurted impulsively. "I've got into trouble. It's a matter of money—not much to you, perhaps, but more than enough to break my back."

"Tell me everything. Perhaps I can help you?"

"It's—it's a hundred pounds. I must raise it at once—to-night—before to-morrow morning—or I'm ruined. I don't want it for long—a few weeks—a month. If I could only . . ."

He was regarding me more intently than ever. He was deluding himself with the idea that his eyes were reading me through and through. He thought his chance had come. I knew mine had. His chance was to suppose that he'd got a hold on me. Mine was to cause him to suppose it.

"You must have this money by to-morrow morning?" he said slowly, and with a peculiar emphasis on the two last words.

"To-night," I uttered brokenly.

"Your books are to be examined at the Dockyard Offices in the morning, and you are one hundred pounds short in your accounts?"

Handing Over Worthless I O U.

He had the money in his room at the "George." He brought it down. It went into my pocket, in exchange for the worthless I.O.U. that went into his.

He *was* a spy. He wanted plans, specifications, and particulars such as I must be in a position to get for him. I forgot to say that long before he had asked many questions about this position of mine, my answers to which questions had entirely satisfied him. He remarked that it wasn't necessary for him to remind me that I was in his power: he could inform the Dockyard officials of my defalcations. Would I stand in with him? He offered me generous terms. I took 'em.

Thanks to a lunatic inventor whose mania was the taking out of impossible patents in naval architecture, I provided Baron Ferdinand with bogus piece-meal plans of new ships—every piece an "extra special." I did it all so well that before his employers tumbled to the swindle I was on the top of a pile of gold. When the end came I gave the Baron away to the British authorities. There is such a thing as Secret Service money and I got a bit of it.

SEASIDE HAPPENINGS.

LATEST REPORTS FROM THE PLEASURE RESORTS.

Yarmouth.—A special feature has been made of the new ...race Gardens, the entrance to which has been greatly ...hanced by the addition of two stately sweet peas.

Torquay.—Great doings here. On Sunday last the Mayor ...d Corporation went to the Parish Church. The Mayor ... a carriage and pair, and the Corporation in a new red ...t with brass buttons.

Land's End.—It having been announced that the railway ...pany would commence a special service of non-stop ...ins from the City, the inhabitants turned out in force to ... what would happen to the buffers at the end of the ...form.

Dillington.—This week the annual regatta is to be held, ... event in the sailing classes must have sails. Towing by ... of any kind is strictly prohibited; children please note.

Seattle on Sea.—Visitors here will be delighted to find ... the pier toll has been abolished. The storm last Octo... having greatly damaged this magnificent structure, the ...thorities have generously thrown open to the public the ...ning ten yards of pier free gratis to visitors on pro... of their return half excursion ticket.

Scarborough.—The town becomes more cosmopolitan ... year. A great influx of foreign visitors is expected, ... Tuscani Signorella Petriani, the ice-cream merchant, ... already arrived.

Lowville.—Mrs. Smith advertises "Bed and Board, 25s." ... visitors say it should be "of" instead of "and."

Southport.—A movement was on foot to remove the town ... nearer the sea. This had to be abandoned owing ... the wheel of Jones's barrow collapsing.

Great Bass.—The fishing here is extremely good. The ... is in opening the tins.

Little Doing.—The Games Championship was held last ..., and the town positively seethed with excitement. ...mmy Smith won four blood-alleys.

Port-Ness.—The Concert Party here are making head... They have got a new handle to the organ.

Bognor.—Last week we observed the anniversary of the ... of this place by William Bogg, who found it ...st out digging for worms. The inhabitants celebrate it ... fireworks and much rejoicing. The visitors celebrate ... by trying to forgive him.

Hastings.—It is now stated on excellent authority that ... body which was found on the beach last week, and which ...as identified by many as that of Mrs. Muggins' cat; was ...ot that cat at all. We are informed by the lodgers that ...Muggins' cat has this week annexed two tins of sardines ...nopened), six cigars, and a dish of marmalade—a clear ...se of mistaken identity!

Margate.—The town is looking forward to the promised ...sit of the *Daily Whiroo's* baby pig, which, as most people ...ow, is collecting in aid of the funds of the Society for ...ducing Jews to Eat Pork. As the pig's suite contains no ...ss than ten Press photographers, a long-suffering public ...ay soon behold the same pig in ten different sty(l)es at ...nce.

LOOKED LIKE IT.

He was arrayed for the society dinner. True, his shirt ... had been present at six banquets since last the ... gazed upon its lever surface; true, his waistcoat ... covered with grime, his coat with candle grease and ...-wax; true, his countenance even was not of the ... hue; but in the lapel of his coat there bloomed a ...-hole bouquet of roses—red and white, which he had ... purchased from the Covent Garden Market.

"What do you think of this?" he asked a casual acquaint... pointing to the flowers. "And where do you think ...m?"

The friend gazed thoughtfully upon the shining garments. "Dear lads," he murmured, softly; "I really couldn't ... did they grow there?"

REFLECTIONS ON GLOVES.

THE MEN WHO WEAR THEM.

A man's gloves! Nothing very remarkable about these articles of a man's toilet! Wait a bit—it depends on what sort of gloves and the men who wear them.

There are the gloves of every-day wear, and there are those donned for important occasions.

The boxing gloves, that mark an epoch in a man's life; and the driving gloves, that helped to tool something more than a spanking team at the pace that kills.

There are the gloves round which sentiment clings like a perfume. A man's wedding gloves, for instance, grasp still the old associations which money cannot buy.

Hallmark of a Gentleman.

The days of romance may be gone into the limbo of things no longer needed, but yet a man's gloves have played no little part in the comedies of real life, to say nothing of modern tragedies.

There was Monk; if it had not been for that glove he left behind him so carelessly on a certain balcony, no one would have suspected him of that little affair which cost him his reputation—beggared him and drove him out of England, a perpetual exile.

A glove—just a man's ordinary glove—has before now been a clue to darker crimes than the stealing of a lady's affections.

Gloves used to be considered the hall-mark of the gentleman, an absolutely essential part of his toilet. To-day it has become more or less a pure matter of taste whether a man shall wear gloves or not.

On important occasions it is, of course, still "the thing," but at other times a man may please himself. Fashion on this point issues no mandate.

The professional man upholds the old traditions. The doctor would as soon think of leaving his hat off as going on a round without his gloves.

The fop, whether an aged beau or a young sprig, may be known by his gloves. Their delicate tints and faultless fit being one of the most important details in his get up.

The man who holds that gloves are a necessity, yet wishes to show off a handsome diamond ring, carries them.

A man is no longer looked down upon because he walks abroad without gloves. Neither is he, on the other hand, looked upon as an empty-headed dandy because he wears them on all occasions.

Doctor and the Fop.

There are other gloves than those already referred to that have an interest attaching to them all their own.

Gloves belonging to divers forms of sport.

Gloves emblematical of certain official posts, from the jewelled and embroidered gloves of the Princes of the Roman Church, to the stock white gloves of the M.C. or the musical director of a third-rate orchestra.

It is not so easy to judge a man's character by his gloves as it is by other articles of his apparel, for the inference, nine times out of ten, is a wrong one.

Shabby gloves may mean carelessness, though the writer has known them to be regarded as the hand-coverings of genius; or again, they may be the sign manual of poverty, the last decaying sign of a vanished gentility, and as such invested with a melancholy dignity akin to that of a ruined palace. And these gloves say plainly to all who pause to reflect "I was once a gentleman."

The man with quiet tastes usually dons only gloves of subdued shades, grey for preference.

The bounder likes a bright ochre yellow to match the garish splendour of his brown shoes.

The man about town may sport the last fad of fashion in the colour of his gloves, or even go in for a colour scheme of his own.

The young man from the country blossoms forth in bright new gloves, which he wears as awkwardly as he does the rest of his clothes, and would cast them from him if it were not for the gaudy counterpart of himself hanging on his arm, and who thinks William such a gentleman in his London clothes!

The Hand which Counts.

But after all it is not a man's gloves, but the hands inside that count when he challenges Fate, and the grimy gloveless hand of the son of the soil and the kid gloved hand of the aristocrat may be clasped in an equality "when two brave men stand face to face."

A. M. STEWART.

MY NOTE BOOK.

To be able to say that one's prophecy has come true, gives a good deal of pleasure, providing the subject be agreeable. Basing my calculations upon the number of letters written to me by *Modern Man* readers, I predicted a great demand for our new athletic badge, and I am assured that every post is proving the prediction to be more and more justified.

ORDER IT NOW.

There is nothing paltry about the *Modern Man* badge, and to term it "the badge of the season" is no idle boast. As I mentioned last week, by placing a very large order with the manufacturers, I was able to secure exceptional terms, and everyone, I feel sure, will regard the prices—1s. 6d. for the costume badge, and 1s. for the hat or cap badge—as very moderate. All orders will be promptly dealt with.

By the way, bands for straw hats, ties, and mufflers in the League colours are still obtainable from Messrs. Gamage, Holborn, London, E.C.

The former are made of a silk mixture, and are so arranged that they can be fixed in a moment to any size of hat. The price is 1s. 4½d., post free. Narrow ties, suitable for tying into bow form, are supplied at 1s. 5½d.; wide-ended ties cost 2s. 5½d.; and mufflers, 4s. 11d. All these are made of pure silk, and are sent post free.

* * *

CONSTABLE AND POLICE BLUNDERS.

Modern Man is not a one-sided paper. We hit out straight upon any subject which we consider demands serious attention. At the same time, however, we are always ready and pleased, to open our columns to correspondents who take exception to anything our writers say.

This week a constable stationed at South Fulham has written in reference to the article, "Glaring Police Blunders," given a fortnight ago. "I don't like," he says, "to see the whole of my comrades ridiculed for the faults of a few," and then he goes on to say that he was unable to see that any blame could be attached to the constable who took Dr. Donald into custody. Having been given in charge he did quite right in taking him to the station whilst enquiries were made; and, as regards the refusal of bail, one might, he asserts, be sure that the Station Officer had good reasons for acting as he did.

Referring to the case of mistaken identity at Westminster, my correspondent is of opinion that if the writer of the article only took into consideration the number of charges dealt with in London, and the fact that a constable only saw the prisoner for about twenty minutes, and that not one in twenty appeared in court in the same clothes as worn at the time of the arrest, he would be forced to admit that cases of mistaken identity were very rare.

As to the point that charges are trumped up for the sake of obtaining promotion "Fiat Justitia," as the constable signs himself, stoutly denies it. "Promotion," he says, "is obtained by merit alone, and then only after three severe examinations, two by the Police Authority and one by the Civil Service Commission. The number of charges a man has obtained is not taken into account at all." The police of to-day are men of the highest character, and not liars; and the London force second to none in the world."

* * *

THEATRICAL SUPERSTITIONS.

As a people are not ready to proclaim from the house-tops that they are superstitious. But a recent candid admission by a member of the theatrical profession reminds one that there are many omens of ill-luck that cling to the stage.

Certain actors and actresses place difficult parts, which they find hard to memorise, under their pillows at night. Then they expect to wake in the morning with the part at their finger tips.

An actor or actress will not sign a contract on Friday or on the 13th of the month. They believe, if they should be so foolish as to commit such an offence either through ignorance or carelessness, that they would be an utter failure in the part. Certain stars will not have a cross-eyed girl or man in the company.

Among the many questions asked by readers this week was one enquiring how to tell a naval officer's rank. And not being able to confine the answer to the few lines usually given in the Correspondent's Bureau, I am introducing it in My Note Book. Upon looking into the matter I found that two stripes indicate a lieutenant, an engineer-lieutenant, a surgeon or a paymaster.

Three stripes, of which the middle one is only half the thickness of the other two, indicate a senior lieutenant or senior engineer, a staff-surgeon, or a staff-paymaster; while three stripes all of the same thickness denote a commander, a fleet-surgeon, or a fleet-paymaster.

A captain has four stripes. Officers of admiral's rank have always one broad gold stripe nearest the cuff, and from one to four thinner gold stripes above it. Thus, a rear-admiral has the broad stripe and one stripe above it; a vice-admiral has two above, an admiral has three, while an admiral of the fleet has four. An admiral always wears aiguillettes, as do the officers on his staff, such as flag-lieutenant or his secretary.

* * *

CURIOUS WEDDING CONVEYANCES.

A Brighton reader—M.E.R.—interested in the paragraphs given in *Modern Man* on "The Freak Marriage Craze," has now sent along a number of notable instances of queer wedding conveyance.

"Not long ago," he says, "the daughter of a butcher in Surrey was taken to church in a carriage driven by a stalwart butcher and two other knights of the cleaver stood behind as footmen.

"But this was by no means all, for the lady was escorted from her carriage to the church and down the aisle by a procession of butchers' boys, in white overalls and aprons.

"There is nothing dull or commonplace about a fire-engine. It is always bright and up to the mark, and ready for action. Evidently this line of thought occurred to a happy couple in Devonshire some time ago, for the five bridesmaids who were to support the bride at her nuptials rode to the church on the local fire-engine, and it was one of the best-attended weddings in the annals of the parish.

"A circus equestrienne has had a very unique wedding in a Continental town. The man who drives the team of forty horses was the bridegroom, and he drove his own bride to church behind his forty steeds, the bride herself being seated, dressed in all her splendid robes, on the top of the triumphal car.

* * *

NAMES OF ENGLISH INNS.

The article on "National Nicknames," given in *Modern Man* last week, influenced a Hereford reader—J.R.I.—to post me the following, which I am pleased to give:—

"Many explanations have been given of curious signboards for English inns. The Goat and Compasses is supposed to be a corruption of a motto set up over inns during the Puritan period, "God encompasses us"; Bag of Nails of "Bacchanalian" Not and Dew Drop Inn are described as invitations to wayfarer; Bird in Hand and Last House, or Final, are tions that he should not waste his opportunities to

"The Bull and Mouth is said to be a corruption of Boulogne Mouth, captured by Henry VIII. Bull and it is suggested, may possibly be a similar vulgarism Boulogne Gate. Great battles fought and fortresses are commemorated by Gibraltar, Waterloo, Balaclava, Nile, and Trafalgar; Admirals range from Blake to Nelson Generals from Marlborough to Wolseley—Wellington Nelson and Keppel being the most common

"It is surprising how many of the Nelson inns are old-ings three or four centuries old, "showing that the keeper was prepared to sacrifice the sign under which had hitherto done business and trusted to make a new tation under the aegis of the popular hero. General finds special remembrance in his own birthplace, Westerham; but Sir Walter Raleigh has been quite looked at Mitcham, in spite of the fact that he founder of its leading manufacture"

YOUR EDITOR.

"I wish I knew some way to make religion more attractive to the masses."

Why not have a description of heaven written by one of these men who write descriptions of summer resorts for the railways?"

GLORIOUS CHANCE.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said the conjuror, pointing to his magic cabinet, "I beg to call your attention to the great illusion of the evening. I will ask any lady in the audience to enter the cabinet. I will then close the door; when I open it again the lady will have disappeared, leaving no trace."

In the second row of the audience a puny, undersized man, with a haunted, harassed expression, turned, with a strange gleam of hope in his dull, mild eyes, to an enormous female who sat next to him. She had a strong, stern face, with black beetling brows, and a chin like the ram of a first-class battleship. "Maria, dear," he said, eagerly, "won't you oblige the gentleman?"

A story is told of a woman whose husband had one day been away from home much longer than usual. She waited patiently, however, when, to her surprise and alarm, a band of Indians rode up and dismounted a little distance from the hut, and, approaching her, the leader of the party exclaimed apologetically: "We came to tell yer, ma'am, that we've lynched your husband. We admit we've hung the wrong man, so you've got the laugh on us there."

HIDDEN HUMOUR.

In novels and magazines, and even newspapers, occur many sentences which, read quickly, are not apt to strike the eye as being out of the ordinary. But a careful study of the same sentence will often reveal a great deal of humour.

"He ground his teeth" is quite a common sentence in the penny "blood," and after reading this extract through many times one pictures a typical scissor-grinder at work on a set of false teeth. "She retorted with snapping ..." is from a recent newspaper serial, and a "sickening, ... thud!" is from the same source. Picture a sickening, ... thud!

"He stamped his foot" makes one wonder what Lloyd ... would have us stamp next, and "He cast his eyes ... ceiling, and then to the floor" can only be the work ... a wizard or contortionist.

F. S. G.

For several weeks they had been doing shocking business. "It's no use, old man," said Othello to his trusty ancient; "Shakespeare don't pay nowadays."

"You wait till we play in great Slumton to-morrow," replied Iago. "That's where you'll find people with intellect: and, take my word, we'll have a fine audience.'

In due course Slumton was reached, and but five minutes remained ere the curtain would rise.

"How's the house, Otho?" asked Iago, who was looking through the curtain peephole.

"Well," replied Othello, "there are a few out there. But we're still in the majority, old boy, still in the majority."

DOUBT AT THE BACK.

The man with the black face-fringe waxed particularly eloquent in the peroration of his address entitled "Life as it might be," and when he sat down and beamed at the fat man in the chair, the audience was filled with dreams of a golden millennium.

One bucolic-looking gentleman at the back of the hall, however, appeared to be a trifle doubtful. "But supposin'," he commenced, as he rose to his feet.

"My friend," interrupted the lecturer, "doubt is the world's greatest hinderance; it is the skid on the wheels of progress. Knowing this, why do you come to me with your ...?"

The bucolic one scratched his head and thought hard, ... explanation came.

"Why do you 'but,' I say?" thundered the lecturer.

"Well, I'm blest if I know, guv'nor," at last the reply came, "unless it is 'cos I keep goats!"

They are very knowing judges across the herring pond. "The prisoner," said counsel in a case, "can prove that at the time the crime was committed her maid was combing her hair." "That," replied the judge, "only proves an alibi for her hair—not for herself."

BURGLAR PROOF SAFE

With characteristic thoroughness the Germans have devised a real burglar proof safe, so cleverly designed that it will baffle even the burglars who work with the latest oxygen and acetelene blowpipes. It is called the carrousel, or "roundabout safe."

It exhibits a polygonal steel structure revolving freely on ball bearings. It is built into a wall and when the outer door is closed a small electro-motor is set in motion, whereupon the safe starts revolving ceaselessly and noiselessly on its axis within its stone chamber.

Any tampering with its motion causes an alarm bell to ring. So long as the safe continues to revolve the blowpipe can have no effect upon it, since the flame cannot be applied long enough to any particular spot to make an impression.

Nurse: You have been badly hurt, and I must give you an alcohol rub.

Patient: Are you sure I am not hurt internally?

* * *

"Yes, Charlie is as brave as a stack of lions. Did you hear about his daring a policeman to arrest him?"

"No! Gee! What happened?"

"He was arrested."

SOMETHING NEW IN TELEPHONES.

A vest pocket telephone has been invented for general use. It was invented by a German concern, and has been thoroughly tried in Berlin, where it has been found to work satisfactorily.

A compact receiver and transmitter fit into a small circular nickel case two and a half inch in diameter and three-quarters of an inch thick. The whole contrivance weighs only seven ounces and may be carried in a lady's handbag.

It will be understood, of course, that this device does not in itself enable one to telephone without first connecting it with the general telephone system.

In every street, however, contact places have been provided at very short distances. They are fastened to walls, doors, trees, lamp posts or other convenient places. They are tightly enclosed, so that neither humidity nor storms can damage them, and they are thoroughly insulated.

Every person equipped with one of these pocket telephones has a simple and speedy means of reaching the police, the fire stations, the hospitals or other institutions needed on an emergency, for the telephone central operators are directed to be particularly prompt in giving the desired connection in such cases.

In consequence of the enormous expansion of the German capital, there are many outlying districts which are rendered unsafe through insufficient policing, and the pocket telephone was readily adopted as a partial solution of this problem. The new system is greatly favoured as an adjunct to the police system generally, however, for every policeman is provided with a pocket phone and can communicate with headquarters or other city departments whenever he finds it necessary.

SWORDLESS OFFICERS.

Seventy years ago sword exercise for Army officers was considered of such importance that it was made the subject of a special General Order, issued by General Lord Hill, the then Commander-in-Chief.

In this order inspecting generals were instructed to satisfy themselves that all officers were proficient in the Sword Exercise as laid down in the book accompanying the order.

In this ancient "Sword Exercise" minute instructions were given as to the best method of dealing with a mounted and dismounted foe.

To-day, with the exception of mounted corps, Army officers do not take their swords on active service at all.

The object, of course, is to prevent the enemy's marksmen from singling them out as officers and picking them off, and to further this design the modern Army officer often carries a rifle instead of a revolver.

A GUIDE GUYED.

"M.M." HINTS TO LONDON VISITORS.

ZoologicalCollection.—It is no longer necessary to visit the Regent's Park "Zoo" in order to see the "King of Beasts." Lyons can now be met with in most London streets.

Hospitals.—Free admission can be gained to the operating theatres of all these public institutions. It is merely required of all visitors that they shall first meet with some suitable accident.

The Monument.—The inadequate fire escapes in use at the Great Fire of London instilled the need of a more lengthy pattern in the minds of the surviving inhabitants. The Monument was therefore erected, and when wheeled into position by willing hands, never fails to reach the highest building.

The Stock Exchange.—Rather a wild place. "Bulls" and even "Bears," have been heard of in this locality, while "nuts" flourish in great variety.

London Bridge.—Noted chiefly for the thousands of people who cross it to get the other side.

The Thames Embankment.—At the request of taxi-cab men, this thoroughfare was constructed by Brunel as a racing car track to rival Brooklands.

St. Paul's Cathedral.—This noble edifice was erected as a landmark and a guide to the large drapery emporiums in the neighbourhood, and is much appreciated by the gentle sex.

Nelson Monument.—The need of a West End pigeon-loft was finally overcome by the erection of this pillar. It will be noted that the statue of Nelson on the summit is appropriately facing Waterloo.

The Thames.—This waterway was placed through London to give railway companies the opportunity of constructing iron bridges across it.

Ludgate Circus.—Much dreaded by Fleet Street journalists after a "night out." Members of the "profession" have been known to successfully round the Circus three times on their way home, and then unknowingly retrace their steps to the top of Fleet Street.

London's "Dark" Spots.—Cinema halls provide these in profusion. For 1s. the visitor can hold "Her" hand and behold "The blurr'd before your eyes."

Crystal Palace.—Negotiations are in hand to make this Government property. The Home Secretary proposes to take in window-smashing Suffragettes, and allow them to indulge in glass-breaking orgies at a guinea per head per hour.

Cleopatra's Needle.—This is the needle that Cleopatra sat on, which enraged her so much that she disturbed a sleeping asp, which, attacking her, was the cause of her death.

Covent Garden.—A noted centre where one can purchase anything from a box of peaches to a "box" of Russian Opera.

Kew Gardens.—Here was originated that classic warning to very small children: "Mind your peas and Kews."

Old Bailey.—This was built to commemorate, and was named after, the hero of the once-popular music hall song: "Won't you come home, Bill Bailey?"

Lord's Cricket Ground.—A locality favoured by duck-breeders.

Scotland Yard.—An enclosure where lost Scotsmen are detained at saxpence a head until identified, or smuggled back over the border.

Smithfield.—Since martyrs were roasted at the stake here, this has been a popular centre for the purchase of meat.

Billingsgate Fish Market.—Originally built as a home for men who used bad language; it has been instrumental in saving thousands of soles.

The Tower of London.—Erected for the protection of opponents to vegetarianism. Here beef-eaters can be seen every day in all their old-time glory.

IN QUEER STREET.

The following quaintly-worded descriptive statements suggest some room for improvement:—

Advertisement.—"Wanted, a white girl to cook."

Doctor's Sign.—"Specialist—all diseases."

Seen in restaurant window.—"Afternoon tea served at all hours."

Card at Pay-desk in a Cafe.—"Your face is good, but it won't go in the cash register."

A newspaper says, "Miss Rock is gaining strength slowly, for which her friends feel very thankful."

Advertisement.—"Comfortable bedroom, use of sitting-room and breakfast."

ECCENTRICITIES OF ETYMOLOGY.

WORDS NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

What may well be called one of the curiosities of language is both suggested and illustrated by the title of the gorgeous ballet recently presented by the Russian dancers at Covent Garden—the Persian name Sheherazade.

As one sees at a glance, the first two syllables are identical in spelling with two very familiar English words closely related to each other—the personal pronoun "she" and its objective "her"; yet in meaning, of course, there is neither identity nor even similarity.

The Meaning of Male.

Instances abound in other languages of what apparently are English words, and the composite character of our own is apt to lead to the inference that they are English in reality. We know that "Janitor" and "junior," for example, have precisely the same meaning in the English dictionary that they have in the Latin. They are, indeed, Latin words that have been taken over by the English language, and built into itself, without any change either in signification or in spelling.

The Latin word, "mare," means "sea"; it has nothing whatever to do with equine quadrupeds of the feminine gender, nor even with female sea-horses. Similarly, when a man does anything badly, and the fact is expressed in Latin, the word "male" may be used. It refers, however, not to the doer, as might be supposed, but to his way of doing.

The Latin "sole" is neither a flat-fish nor the flat of the foot; it means "in the sun." "Post" is neither a vertical support nor the established system of letter-transmission, it is Latin for "after."

"Here" does not mean in Latin what it means in English, nor does it stand for the word we often use in conjunction with "here," as in "here and now." Instead of meaning "now" it signifies "yesterday."

A Remarkable Surname.

We say in English that a man "dies," but while "dies" in Latin may indicate the period when he gives up the ghost, it checks, it refers in no way to his giving up the ghost; it means 'day." And so on and so forth. A glance through a Latin dictionary—or through one of any other language, for the matter of that—will bring to light any number of similar instances.

One of the most familiar of our surnames, by the way, is somewhat remarkable, in that the second half is the translation of the first. That name is Benson. "Ben" is known for "son."

Different from the examples given, but decidedly amusing, was the attempt by an illiterate East-ender to set down in writing some lines dictated by a friend. Quite unintentionally he produced a four-line stanza that had every appearance of classic latinity. Here it is:—

Is a billi eres ago
Fortibus es in aro
Nos es billi dabe trux
Vatis innem pes an dux.

Duly "pointed" and "capped," and "Englished" in accordance with the somewhat flexible laws of Cockney pronunciation, the following represents—not a translation, for, though the words are mostly good Latin, they have no coherent connection with each other—but the meaning intended:—

"I say, Billy, 'ere's a go—
Forty 'buses in a row!"
"No," says Billy, "dey be trucks."
"Vat is in 'em?" "Peas an' ducks."

The Spanish for "Until."

Curiously enough, even when a language is (...) almost wholly from another there are words common to both, so far as spelling is concerned, yet totally dissimilar in meaning.

Spanish is far more closely allied to Latin than is English. Nevertheless "hasta," for example, which in Latin means "a spear," is the Spanish for "until." And many other examples of this curious anomaly could be adduced from the speech of the Peninsula, a fact which is equally true of Italian and French in relation to the rock whence they were hewn—the imperishable language of the Cæsars.

A. J. H.

THE MODERN WOMAN'S INTERESTS.

The three quickest ways to send a message: Telegraph, Telephone, Tellawoman!

* * *

The man who complains of his wife's extravagances never thinks of curtailing his own.

* * *

Do not bathe a child in the sea if he appears to be at all frightened, for this often has the effect of giving him a lifelong horror of the sea. Ten minutes or a quarter of an hour will be long enough for the child who likes bathing to be in the water. A quick rubbing should follow the plunge, and a biscuit should be eaten and a brisk walk be taken afterwards.

* * *

Not one per cent. of the female population of the British Isles—or of the whole wide world as a matter of fact—are ladies in the literal sense of the word.

The word "lady" comes from two Anglo-Saxon words "hlaf," and "dæger," the former meaning a loaf, and the latter a kneader. Together they made the word "hlaf-dæge," now corrupted to "lady," which literally means a loaf-kneader or loaf-maker.

* * *

Little drops of water
Mixed in with the milk!
Now the milkman's daughter
Rustles round in silk!

CLEVER MASQUERADERS.

A recent case of a young married woman masquerading for two years as one of the male sex reminds one that it is far easier for a woman to impersonate a man than *vice versâ*.

Take the case of the two Hungarian ladies, whose sex was not discovered until their death. They fought with the Revolutionary Army in 1848. Then there was the case of the Irish lady, Hannah Whitney, who served as a marine on board different ships for five years. This lady also lived for thirty-six years with one of her own sex as husband and landlord of a tavern at Poplar.

A notable African, early in the eighteenth century was living on very bad terms with her husband. He was a beating of a tyrant, and after a while she was in fear of her life. She often threatened to leave him; but to this he would not agree.

One day she escaped from the house, bought a sailor's outfit, and later served in the Royal Navy as seaman for eleven years. She acted as captain of the foretop for some time, and altogether proved an excellent sailor. At first, the very smell of intoxicating liquor was abhorrent to her, but she realised that to take it was part of the game, so drank her grog like a man, and exhibited all the traits of a British tar.

* * *

It's a sure sign that a woman begins to realise her age when she stops having her picture taken.

* * *

Guest towels, as these extra small towels are known as, are a great convenience and a practical saver of laundry work. Taking little time to do up. One to offer the casual guest when she washes her hands prevents the use and the necessity of doing up an unnecessarily large towel.

* * *

Two interesting specimens of old Scottish furniture have been presented to the Royal Scottish Museum. One is the cradle of Mary Queen of Scots, and the other the bed which is said to have been that of her son, James VI., of Scotland and first of England. The cradle of Queen Mary—a queen before she was a week old—was rocked in Linlithgow Palace, where she was born on December 7th, 1542, and where the English Ambassador saw her four months later, and wrote to his master, Henry VIII., that she was "as goodly a child as I have seen of her age."

Use a safety pin on which to string buttons, and you will not have a wild hunt for them when needed.

* * *

What makes a woman most indignant to be in a railway accident is not to have on the clothes that look best for that sort of thing.

* * *

Many a girl who thinks she is in love could be cured by an indigestion tablet.

OLD MAIDS' CURIOUS BEQUESTS.

Wills, as a rule, are as uninteresting as most legal documents, but every now and then a spice of interest is lent by the curious clauses which they contain, especially those which carry out posthumous grudges.

It will be remembered that not long since a widow in Dorset left a very large sum of money to certain of her own and her late husband's nephews and grand-nephews who had been total abstainers and non-smokers for twelve months before her death.

A maiden lady of a sarcastic turn of mind, Miss Mary Marchant by name, left "to her dear doctor" a box and all its contents. When the physician got his legacy home and opened it, imagine his feelings at discovering that it contained all the pills and potions which he had prescribed for his late patient in the course of a twenty years' attendance!

Another wealthy old maid, who lived in Vienna, was pestered for years by requests from her three nephews and three nieces that she would give them portions to enable them to marry. At last she died. When her will was read, it was found that about a quarter of a million of money was divided among the six on condition that the nephews should not marry before forty and the nieces not before thirty.

Further, they were all to live in the same house, under the care of the executor, who was to receive a handsome salary for seeing that the legatees obeyed the conditions.

* * *

Mothers who are anxious that their children, boys as well as girls, shall have fine hair and keep it all their lives, are warned against too much brushing. That is, the hair may be brushed freely, but raking the tender scalp with a stiff brush, or even a comparatively soft one, is very injurious.

SUPERSTITIONS AND STOCKINGS.

Stockings figure in some curious old customs, especially those connected with matrimony.

If a person be about to sleep in a bed that he or she has never slept in before, the certainty of dreaming can be assured by placing the stocking taken off the right foot under the head. Not only will the sleeper be sure to dream, but the dream will certainly come to pass.

Of the superstitions attached to marriage ceremonies, most people have heard of "throwing the stocking." This rite would hardly be regarded now as consistent with modern notions of decorum, but it was highly popular in days gone by.

The ceremony was performed at the conclusion of the wedding-day's festivities, by young men and girls seated at the bed-foot—the former having the bride's and the latter the groom's stockings—whose object in throwing the hose backwards over their heads, was to hit, if possible, the head, and especially the nose, of one or other of the newly-married couple. A successful shot meant marriage at an early date for the thrower.

Another old custom, which the superstitious sometimes remember when they get married, is to wear one old stocking and one new one, following the thought, perhaps, that every bride should wear "something old; something new."

* * *

A cycling skirt is an abbreviated garment which makes men look longer and women look shorter.

THE MEN BELOW.

HEROES OF THE ENGINE-ROOM.

It is pleasing to note that the heroism of the engineers of the "Titanic" is to be marked by a memorial upon the banks of the Mersey.

As thirty out of thirty-two engineers who went down with that vessel were Merseyside men no more fitting site could be chosen for the proposed memorial.

Because his chief duty lies below deck the engineer, as a rule, does not bulk so largely in the eye as the part of the ship's complement above deck; yet, with all due deference to the undoubted courage of our sailors, it may truthfully be said that of all the gallant deeds performed aboard ship few equal those which have been accomplished "below decks."

Daring Dash Through Steam.

Much praise was accorded to Mr. Jack Binns, the wireless operator of the "Republic," but it will be remembered that that gentleman awarded all the credit to Mr. Legg, the engineer on duty at the time of the collision. Despite the fact that water was pouring into the engine-room, Mr. Legg waded across to the main-feed checks and opened them. Had it not been for his presence of mind the boilers would have burst with disastrous results to all on board.

The feat performed by Assistant Engineer Anderson, of the American liner "St. Paul," illustrates another of the many risks with which the engineer is often brought face to face. When the steamer was about three hundred miles east of Newfoundland her shaft snapped short. As the result, the engine started to run without control, and pieces of machinery, the weight of which ran into tons, were sent flying in all directions in the engine-room.

Grasping the situation, Anderson dashed through the boiling steam among the whirling pieces of machinery which threatened every moment to dash him to pieces. Seizing the reverse lever he contrived to shut off steam, and as he did so a large cross beam, weighing more than half a ton, fell with a crash, missing him by only a few inches.

The British steamer "Sandal," homeward bound from Almeria to Aberdeen in March, 1908, with a cargo of esparto grass was passing Portland Bill, in the English Channel, when her cargo went on fire.

At first a desperate attempt was made to subdue the flames, which were below hatch, but recognising the futility the captain decided to head for the shore.

Owing to the treacherous nature of the rock-bound coast this operation was one of extreme delicacy. To add to the other dangers the fire spread to the coal bunkers.

As the vessel ploughed at full speed towards the land a half-naked figure staggered from the engine-room door and reeled towards the bridge. It was the engineer, with the news that the conditions down below were so unbearable that all his men had been compelled to vacate their positions. Saying this the brave engineer collapsed in a senseless heap on the bridge.

Ready to Face Fire.

The deserted condition of the engine-room, with its pounding machinery running free, now enormously increased the danger. To save the lives of those on board either the engines had to be stopped or the ship swung around so that she headed from the land.

In the latter case the crew would be engulfed by the fire, which was now being held in check by the headway of the vessel into the wind.

Restoratives were applied to the stricken engineer, and as soon as he regained consciousness he volunteered to try to make his way to the levers and stop the machinery. The captain was loath to let the engineer return to the roaring furnace, but there was no other way.

As minute after minute passed the men on the bridge pictured in their minds the inanimate body of the engineer lying somewhere at the foot of the ladder, and hurriedly debated among themselves the advisability of waiting any longer and taking the chance of swinging the ship's head round.

Suddenly, however, they heard the rapid beat of the engines die away. It was not a second too soon, as when the vessel stopped there was only a few feet of water under her keel. With great difficulty the heroic engineer was rescued, and in time recovered from the effects of his injuries.

A. W. E.

OLD 'POLEON.

A LUMBERJACK'S LESSONS TO A SNOB.

You were the best friend I ever had, old 'Poleon. You took me in when I was hungry and gave me food, shelter, work. Yes, and you taught me some of the things I value most.

This is how it came about. I had ridden many miles in a freight train, and was so hungry I could have chewed my own gaping footgear. Finally I decided to jump off. The region was densely wooded and I thought there might be work near in a lumber camp, or helping some farmer clear his land.

Outside a neat little white cottage near the railway lines stood Napoleon Trudean, 'Poleon of this story. He was weather-beaten and wizened, with a scraggy beard, but kindly twinkling eyes. He listened to my tale of woe, puffing at his corn cob pipe the while. When he learnt I could speak French he grew interested and asked me inside, then left me alone in the main room of his cottage.

In a few minutes he returned with a pot of steaming coffee, apple jam, home-made bread, cold pork and pickles. He bade me set to. After I had eaten, he extended me his pipe and a twist of native tobacco, then he asked me if I would work with him cutting and carting jumber; that is to say, timber, off his land. Twenty dollars a month and board. I jumped at the offer. I had to work hard, 'Poleon was no sluggard, but he was considerate. He was also merry in his own peculiar way, and at night would scrape tunes on his old battered fiddle.

One night, I told him about myself. I had been a waster, a no-good, a snob—and a dishonest snob; that I was cynical because I was superficial, sneered at what I did not fully understand, had no hope in the future, no faith in myself, no charity for my neighbours.

Old 'Poleon stretched out a muscular hand. "Put it there, good to tell me truth. You will be good man now—we will try togezer—ze woods bring consolation to ze soul, let ze one many zings and ze winds wheesper zat ve must believe and believe. Eet ees a new land, ze land of promise, hope. You have got away from ze city—zat ees good. You weell return some day, eet ees your blood, but you must return 'appy and strong and free.

"Nuzzing in ze life ees as bad as ve think eet ees, zeengs are much better than ve imagine."

We worked like horses, hewing and sawing lumber, carting it to the little railway station. By a stroke of luck a big contractor who offered to buy all we could get at a very fair price. Old 'Poleon said it was through me he procured the business and made me his partner.

He owned about 120 acres of lumber, and after a few weeks we had four men working for us and money coming in. 'Poleon left me in charge and devoted himself to raising tobacco, and later we were 600 dollars to the good. He stood an excellent chance of selling our tobacco crop, he reaped some more profit and returned to the lumber.

Unfortunately, old 'Poleon fell a victim to rheumatism so that he could hardly walk, but he had taught me well, and I managed to direct the hired help successfully.

Then a letter came to me. Relatives in England had died, me to return. A little property had been left me.

Old 'Poleon insisted on my taking a half of the cash, the net profits proceeding from the sale of lumber and tobacco, and so I departed homewards, richer by many dollars in cash and in health and mind to an extent incalculable.

Six months later, I asked the old man to come over to England, but the answer I received a month later was written in pencil on greasy paper by some French Canadian lumberman. Old 'Poleon was dead. The little white cottage, the battered fiddle, the dog-eared volumes were left behind to me. I received the books later, also 'Poleon's final letter.

I read it silently at breakfast and then handed it to my wife, and she being young and sympathetic wept over it. "The dear old man," was all she said. He had heard about her and sent her courtly greetings in his quaint French. "I always thought a good true woman was a gift of God, but ugly old 'Poleon frightened the ladies, besides a hut in the woods is not for women," he wrote in the letter. "So I played my fiddle and read my books and trained myself to think of all that was good in the world, and there is much."

Good old 'Poleon, you may only have been a lumberjack, but you were a man and a teacher, one of the best of the ones who teach men things, who help to make this old world a more pleasant place.

THE PROFESSIONAL INTRODUCER.

HOW THE UNWARY ARE TRAPPED AND FLEECED.

Of the many strange professions to which a man who lives by his wits may turn, one of the strangest—and by no means badly paid—is that of the professional introducer. Of course most business men are introducers; the commercial traveller, for instance, introduces his employers to likely customers, but the men who come within the purview of this article are generally of less repute. It is not so much that they have wares to sell, as that they come with glowing schemes, whereby they suggest their prey may become rich in quick time—and if there is one thing that a man snatches at without thinking, it is the "get-rich-quick" scheme.

The Bucket Shop Man.

One of the commonest members of the profession is the man who "talks big" about certain new companies which are being, or have been formed. They are mostly bucket-shop affairs, and the shares are generally the portions that the promoters get out of the hauls they make; the poor shareholders get nothing! You hear a couple of men talking enthusiastically over some new venture—perhaps it is in your favourite bar—you get interested, and, unfortunately, show your interest. Of course, that was the idea, but how were you to know that? And when one of the men turns to you with all the frankness in the world asks you what you think of that company which was advertised in the morning paper, you say you're afraid you don't know, not having thought about it at all. That's the beginning of the game; the next stage, after a long talk over another glass, is that the men say they reckon they're going to "hunt up" that company man—"You coming, too, eh?" And off you go; more talk by the man they "hunt up"—he didn't want much hunting up; they were touts—and then you part with your money. Generally you are finished with at that point; but the amiable introducers draw their commission later on, and depart to snare other victims.

Sometimes of course the companies are sound, and the introducers of good repute. In that case they simply refer casually to the matter at their club, interest a few rich men, introduce them to their friend the company-promoter—just as a matter of kindness, of course—receive their commission and—quite a good living out of the work. Generally, however, these company matters are snares, and the introducer only the spreader of the net to catch the unwary.

Professional Match-Maker.

It is said that all women are born match-makers, but not every one of them does it for a fee. Some do. They are generally "higher up" in the world.

"Nice girl, that!" says the Hon. Bertie, with the air of a connoisseur. "Any money?"

"Plenty, my dear boy."

"Wish I knew her. Do you?"

"Rather! Would you like an intro? Yes? Very well, but I want five hundred when the wedding takes place, only keep it dark, dear boy."

"Right!" The introduction is made, the course of true love (for money) runs smoothly, and eventually the little fee is paid. It's happening every day.

The Moneylender's Touts.

"Broke!" says the fleeced youngster, as he rises from the gaming table in the select West End. "Broke, till the governor does the handsome!"

"Don't worry, old chap, he'll do it pretty soon," says the man next to him. "Meanwhile, what do you say to negotiating for a loan? Five thousand, eh? No, too much? One thousand then?"

"Who the devil will lend me a thousand?"

"Oh, I'll make that all right. Eckstein's a friend of mine, has accommodated me several times. He's easy, too. Meet me to-morrow, and I'll introduce you."

He does. The youngster draws his thousand, less the first instalment to be paid back, less one or two things more; and, quite on the quiet, of course, his friend draws his commission—and is much better off than the chap he introduced. It is he and the money-lender who get the pickings.

Mr. Porkman wants a title—can afford to pay for it, but can't get the ear of the people who can gratify him. Mr. Blank knows the people, and is willing to introduce Mr. Porkman, at some "At Home," may be, for a consideration. Can make no promise that anything will come of it; that lies with Mr. Porkman—and the other person. The consideration is paid, the introduction made, and—sometimes—the title follows; sometimes it doesn't. But that does not worry the introducer; he's got his commission.

You Never Can Tell.

And so the game goes on. You never know what a man has got up his sleeve; generally you can be sure he doesn't go to much trouble for nothing; he has mostly got his eye on the main chance. Which is as it should be, providing there's no swindling in the matter, for after all, if it's a straightforward affair, he is probably doing you a good turn. But be careful; you never can tell.

What's in your Cigarette?

You really ought to know.

The BEST safeguard is to make your own, selecting a *Good* Tobacco and rolling it in the well-known Cigarette Paper **"A.G."**

The Brand "A.G." is guaranteed pure and free from chemicals, thus ensuring a *Cool* and *More Lasting* smoke.

The special process of manufacture imparts to

"A.G." Cigarette Paper

that essential strength combined with extreme thinness which go to make up the perfect cigarette.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THE BADGE OF THE SEASON.

"Modern Man's" Latest.

Order it Now.

PRICES:

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All orders to be addressed:

"MODERN MAN,"
FARRINGDON HOUSE,
FARRINGDON STREET,
LONDON, E.C.,

with "Badge" marked in corner of envelope.

Rapid Physical Development.

BY OUR PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

Imitation Weight Lifting.

Very useful exercise is to be had in imitating the movements of various sports and games.

"Shadow fighting" is, of course, an important part of the boxer's training, and particularly good for making him quick on his feet and "loose" in his shoulder and wrists. Many of you, no doubt, are looking forward to golfing during your holidays, and you might easily do worse than practise imaginary driving, approaching, and putting for five or ten minutes night and morning.

Cricket, both batting and bowling, lawn tennis, fencing, and swimming are all easily imitated and with benefit. Imaginary weight lifting, however, may be something of a novelty to you, and this week I illustrate an exercise of this type.

Pull In and Jerk.

The first exercise is known as the double-handed pull in and jerk.

For this imagine a bar-bell lying with the bar over your instep. Grasp this suddenly with both hands and pull up quickly to the shoulder. As you do this, split the feet as if you really were lifting a weight.

Then sharply jerk the imaginary bar over the head, again splitting the feet and putting plenty of energy into it.

Stationary Running.

Imaginary running is a really splendid exercise for the legs, wind, and for keeping down your "corporation," if you have one.

Stand in the position of "attention." Then raise first the right and next the left knee as high as the waist, being careful to keep on the toes all the time. The hands should be held and swung as in running.

Stationary running, provided it is performed with plenty of energy and earnestness, is first-rate training for any sport, and an invaluable exercise for the man of sedentary occupation.

"Hard" Water.

Holiday-makers sometimes find themselves in a district where the water is "hard"—that is, has an excess of lime or chalk in it.

Drinking hard water will produce digestive troubles, while washing in it results in a rough, red, and unsightly skin. Chemists sell various preparations for softening hard water, but the simplest and most efficacious way is to boil it.

Using Too Much Soap.

Washing in rain water is very good for the skin and complexion, and will quickly cure a skin that has been spoilt by washing in hard water, or from the too free use of soap, more especially chemical soaps.

Most of us put too much soap on our faces. The skin secretes a natural oil which serves the dual purpose of keeping the skin soft and protecting it from cold.

Soap removes this oil, leaving the skin dry and hard, but none the less very susceptible to cold.

Not drying the face thoroughly after washing is another cause of an unsightly skin.

Avoid hard water; wash in rain water whenever possible; use soap sparingly; always dry the skin thoroughly, and, provided you lead a regular life and take plenty of outdoor exercise, you will have that clear, fresh skin which is an ornament to any man.

Answers to Correspondents.

"ALEX" (Liverpool).—Virginia cigarettes contain far more nicotine than Turkish or so-called Egyptian. At the same time many a man can smoke Virginias with impunity who is completely upset by Turkish or Egyptian.

"GEORGE" (Matlock).—With some persons a greasy skin seems to be constitutional and nothing will cure it. Ordinarily, however, it is due to want of outdoor exercise and to overfeeding on rich foods. It will generally yield to plenty of fresh air and to a plain diet with fruit and green vegetables predominating.

H. L. F. (York).—Aphasia is the inability to express thought in words. The sufferer knows what he wants to say, but cannot say it intelligibly. It is a brain disease, generally caused by over-work. It is serious, but will often yield to complete rest.

T. S. (MARGATE).—Physical culture is very beneficial when used as an adjunct to other exercise, which it can never wholly replace.

"It's strange, old man, but since you've had your height increased you seem a sort of superior being. You're broader and better set up too. I used to be able to talk to you on equal terms, but now—What is Girvan's address?"

If you are under forty! can increase your height by from two to three inches within three months. This will make all the difference to your prospects in business and your success in sport. My exercises are very interesting, and all the time you need devote to them is ten minutes each morning and evening.

Send three penny stamps for full particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN, SPECIALIST IN THE INCREASE OF HEIGHT,
(Dept. MM),
17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.

POSSESS THE SELF-RELIANT FACE.

of the man of Strong Will-Power. "The St. Settef Course of Will Culture (entered at Stationers' Hall), teaches how to develop your Will-Power to double its present strength in a few months. Your mouth and jaw will be firmer and stronger; your eyes keener and more luminous, and your whole face more manly. Your will-power will develop greatly increased Will-Strength and Strength of Character. You will rise in the estimation of the men and women you meet. YOU WILL POSSESS PERSONALITY. The whole Course (four absorbingly interesting lessons) is sent in plain, sealed envelope. THIS IS YOUR TOTAL EXPENDITURE. Course sent in plain, sealed envelope. Enrol to-day. Next week will see you delighted with your Personality.

THE ST. SETTEF INSTITUTE (Dept. M.), PERTH, N.B.

P.S.—"The Modern Man" recommends our Course. (See issue dated June 8.)

BOXING, JUJITSU, WEIGHT LIFTING AND EXERCISES to make and keep you fit, taught privately, and in classes. By Prof. Thomas (instructor Hon. Artillery Co., etc.), Shepherd's Bush (next Post Office). Illustrated booklet and terms (moderate) 2d.

CORRESPONDENT'S BUREAU.

BRIEF REPLIES TO VARIOUS QUESTIONS.

M.J. (Chester).—In a handicap a horse that has not run before is usually given top weight on the weight for age scale.

R.A.R. (Leamington). The "wry-neck" putter is not necessarily barred at golf. Provided that no part of the head would project behind the shaft if the latter were produced in a straight line the putter is legal.

TOM (Finsbury Park).—A good way of preventing a lamp smoking is to soak the wick in strong vinegar, drying it well before use. Of course, the lamp must also be kept scrupulously clean.

S.M.B. (Brixton).—A ship is said to be taken "aback" when the wind catches the sails in front.

C.F. (Bradford).—Sorry, but this is not a matrimonial agency.

PAT (Harrogate).—Story of the pinch of snuff as a remedy for internal disturbance due to drinking the water of Harrogate was considered quite amusing in Imperial Cæsar's time.

AMY (Manchester).—Peace has been restored on our making affidavit that all we meant was that such a good-looking fellow as Captain Saunders should not be an "unappropriated blessing."

CONSTANT READER (Bristol).—No, you don't. Did it take you long to think out your pseudonym?

J.F.L. (Worcester).—A golf ball may be of any size or material.

REGGIE (Streatham).—Always reply in the third person to an invitation written in the third person.

Thus: "Mr. Reginald ——— has much pleasure in accepting Mr. Dash's kind invitation of such-and-such a date."

A.N. (Durham).—We don't think there is any special ceremony attending the giving of an Oxford or Cambridge degree.

P.T. (Bayswater).—What we don't know about white mice would fill the British Museum.

D.M.C. (Rickmansworth).—As previously explained in *Modern Man*, no one can be compelled to act as executor of a will if he does not wish to do so.

(Mrs.) L. G. (Balham) says *she* is not going to lick stamps for anybody. Lloyd George *will* be pleased.

C.O.S. (Nottingham).—A bed is not necessarily damp because a glass placed between the sheets becomes clouded. If, however, beads or drops of moisture form on the glass then the bed is damp, and dangerously so.

THE CONGREGATION SMILED.

Two country ministers had agreed to exchange pulpits for a day. On the previous Sunday one of them announced to his congregation: "Dear brethren, I have great pleasure in announcing that next Lord's Day the Rev. Zachariah Day will preach to you. Let us now sing, Hymn No. 489: 'That Awful Day Will Surely Come.'"

The parson was some little time before he knew why his congregation smiled.

MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription, nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world. The wearing of the League Badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following formæ, and at the under-mentioned prices:

9-ct. gold tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
9-ct. gold safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
9-ct. gold lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
9-ct. gold pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant	6s.		
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant	12s.		

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, MODERN MAN, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of MODERN MAN League and forward my Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated, and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address .....

.....

.....

HOW TO INCREASE THE HEIGHT.

The great strides that have been made in the science of physical culture are well exemplified by a system of exercises which have been invented by a London specialist for the purpose of increasing the height after natural growth has ceased.

Although it is not possible to increase the growth of bones, Mr. Arthur Girvan has found a method of increasing the thickness of the various layers of cartilage which form part of the joints at the ankles, knees, hips, and at the various divisions of the spine. Each of these layers being slightly thickened by means of Mr. Girvan's exercises, the result is a total addition of several inches to the height.

The exercises are so simple, and the descriptions and illustrations of them so plain and easily understood, that they can be learnt quite easily by postal lessons.

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We can recommend Mr. Girvan's system with every confidence, and advise all readers who would like to increase their height to write to him for further information. His address is 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.

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1.—Persons desiring to purchase or sell shares must enclose the fee, as stated above, with their communication.

2.—In the event of transactions not being completed through any cause whatsoever, the fee will be returned in full.

3.—Persons wishing to sell must enclose the certificate of the shares in a registered letter, and must state the price at which they are willing to sell.

4.—In the case of buyers they must state fully the name of the stock or shares they wish to purchase, and the price they are prepared to pay for same.

5.—Buyers in all instances have to pay the Registration Fee of 2s. 6d. as well as for the Ad Valorem transfer stamp required by Government.

6.—Sellers will be immediately advised when a purchaser has been obtained and a transfer form will be forwarded for signature. When this has been duly witnessed and returned, the purchaser's money will be remitted.

7.—Purchasers sending remittances in payment of shares will receive an immediate acknowledgment, and the certificate will be forwarded as soon as the transfer of the shares has been registered in the books of the Company.

8.—In cases where we are not in the position to immediately carry through the transaction for a buyer or seller, the stock will be advertised in our columns under a registered number.

9.—All communications to be addressed to the Financial Editor, "Modern Man" Offices, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The annual general meeting of the Marconi Company was held last week, and the accounts showed magnificent progress.

* * *

We still say sell Mexican Railway Ordinary and buy Grand Trunk Third Pref.

* * *

Stocks and Shares in nearly all departments are at a very low ebb, and small investors should take advantage of the very low prices now ruling.

* * *

The carry over last week disclosed a fairly large bear account in the Nigerian Tin Group.

* * *

The pick of the home railway basket is Great Eastern and Metropolitan District.

A purchase of either of these stocks at present prices will show big profits to the investor in the next two or three months.

* * *

The Metropolitan, the District, and the Great Eastern will declare their dividends on July 18th, the South Eastern and Chatham on July 23rd, and the Brighton on July 24th.

* * *

Synthetic Rubber has fallen very flat.

* * *

One of the directors admits that the subscriptions amount to £80,000 only and the shares offered was £450,000.

* * *

Among oil shares Maikop Pipe Line, Shells and Spies are worth purchasing.

* * *

The Rubber market is no good to the speculator just now.

* * *

There will be no quick profits knocking about for speculators during the next two months.

* * *

Amalgamated Press Ord. are worth £10.

* * *

At the time of writing Marconi Shares have slumped to 5 9-16ths. They look cheap at this price.

* * *

The meeting as to Stock Brokers' commissions, referred to in our last week's issue, duly took place.

The Chairman, Mr. Sidney Herbert, moved a resolution to the effect that owing to the serious effect on business of the new rules be repealed or amended.

It was eventually agreed that the resolution requesting the rules to be repealed be removed, and that the resolution should demand that the rules be amended only, which was carried.

STOCKS AND SHARES FOR SALE.

Any of our readers wishing to purchase should write the Financial Editor immediately.

HOME RAILS.

		£ s. d.
99	£400 Chatham Railway Ordinary	at 18½
100	£500 Stock East London	,, 7½

INDUSTRIALS.

101	£100 Alliance and Dublin Gas Co. Ord. Stock	at 75
102	50 Bovril	at middle
103	100 Associated Newspapers Pref.	at 1 1 9
104	5 J. Lyons and Co. Preferred Ordinary	at 1 2 6
105	25 Marconi	,, 5 10 0

OIL.

106	£100 British Burma	at 0 6 0
107	25 Kern River	,, 0 5 0
108	50 Maikop Pipe Deferred	,, 0 4 0
109	50 Ural Caspin	at 3 0 0
110	200 Sociaté Francaise	£ s. d. 0 4 3

RUBBER.

111	£10 Chersonese	,, 0 9 9
112	25 Kamuning	£ s. d. 0 1 1
113	50 London Asiatic	,, 0 0 9

MINES.

114	£250 Fanti Mines	,, 0 5 0
115	500 Obbuassi Syndicate	,, 0 1 6
116	25 Broomassie	,,
117	500 Anglo Continentals	

SHARES WANTED.

MISCELLANEOUS.

		£ s. d.
118	£1,000 Stock Grand Trunk Third Pref.	at 18½
119	400 Stock Chatham Ord.	at 7½
120	500 Stock Metropolitan District	,, 6 6 0
121	50 Associa. Cement	at middle
122	25 Canadian Marconi	,, 5 10 0
123	12 Lipton Ordinary at	£ s. d. 0 19 6
124	50 Santa Fe Land	,, 2 13 6
125	500 Slaters Ord.	at par

OIL.

126	£50 Anglo Maikop	,, 1 1 0
127	15 Lobitos	,, 0 12 6
128	25 Maikop Pipe Line	,, 0 15 0
129	100 Primer Pipe	£ s. d. 1 5 0
130	25 Spies Petroleum	,, 0 15 0

MINES.

131	£50 Anglo Continental	,, 0 5 0
132	100 Jos.	,, 0 1 6
133	13 Keffi	,, 0 1 6
134	120 Northern Nigeria Bauchi	,, 0 1 6

The financial Editor will be pleased to answer any enquiry by post on receipt of P.O. for sixpence, or by wire one shilling.

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M. GREGORY, Managing Director.

MOTOR AND PEDAL CYCLING.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF PARAFFIN AS FUEL.

The price and storage of London's petrol supply is a by no means unimportant question that was brought into prominence by the recent dock strike, when dealers were demanding and obtaining from motorists prices varying from 2s. to 5s. per gallon.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the laws regulating London's petrol supply were framed years ago, when the number of petrol-propelled vehicles was less than half the present number on the streets, and consequently, as applied to the enormous daily consumption of petrol nowadays, are hopelessly antiquated.

Another Increase Expected.

This fact was seized upon as a convenient excuse for accounting for the increased price of petrol (I refer now to the price of 1s. 6d. per gallon as against the 1s. of about a year ago) by the representative of one of the largest suppliers when giving his evidence before the committee appointed to investigate the matter.

It seems to me that whatever the result of the investigation, seeing that practically the whole of the petrol supply is controlled by about three large firms, the consumer is in the unenviable position of having to pay any price demanded, and I should feel inclined to agree with a contemporary, who states that before long we may expect another permanent increase in the price, were it not for the fact that relief seems to be coming from an unexpected source, and that is the possibilities of paraffin as a fuel.

Even with the present day carburetter many machines will run well on paraffin when once the engine is warmed up. But starting with a stone cold engine is a problematical matter, and if any reader contemplates experimenting in this direction, before introducing any large percentage of paraffin into his tank it is as well to ascertain what results are likely to ensue by testing the effects of the mixtures in various percentages, first with engine stone cold and then when warmed up.

Result of an Experiment.

A fairly accurate idea can be obtained by jacking up the machine, and, with petrol tap turned off, flood the carburetter by means of a petrol injector with the mixture to be tested, and then starting in the usual manner.

As a result of this I ascertained that my machine would run quite as well on a mixture of 30 per cent. paraffin, initial starting being quite easy.

I hear, however, that satisfactory tests are being carried out with two new carburetters in one of which vaporisation is augmented by heat from the exhaust pipe.

Here's success to the experiments, for there is little doubt that when we are running our machines on paraffin fuel at 6d. to 8d. per gallon, the price of petrol will fall like the proverbial July quotations for coal.

Regrettable Sight at Hendon.

Taking a short spin round Hendon during the week I came across a regrettable sight. On approaching a side-car turnout I noticed at once from the peculiar explosions of the engine that something was amiss, and on drawing close I saw attached to a 3½-h.p. fixed gear, a heavy coach-built side-car with passenger, and, to cap all, seated on the luggage carrier was a boy of about 15.

I also observed that the exhaust pipe was red-hot and the engine was taking full gas and air. The load was obviously one that would have taxed the capabilities of a 5-6 twin, and little credit attaches to the firm who advised or even permitted such a turnout to take the road.

If you must have a side-car to your 3½ single, see that it is the lightest possible, consistent with strength.

For safe driving of a side-car at night three lamps are necessary—a powerful headlight on the machine, a lamp on the extreme of the side-car indicating the breadth of the vehicle, and a rear light. This last may be dispensed with if a good reflex is fitted, but the first two are necessities, and in many counties I notice the local authorities are wisely enforcing their use.

A critic, in dealing with the question of sideslip, recently declared that the faster a machine is propelled the straighter the course it will pursue. This, however, is scarcely a correct proposition.

A cycle at moderate speed is likely to be steadier on its course than one driven so slowly that there is difficulty in balancing without much front wheel movement; but that improvement in keeping a course does not continue to increase as speeds rise to the upper limits. A racer, for example, at high speed may be travelling very fast, and when he crowds his sprinting effort on to the top of that a very great command of the cycle is required to run straight.

A Dangerous Doctrine.

In "all-out" efforts it is quite an error to say that the faster a machine is propelled the straighter it runs. It is a dangerous doctrine to advise a high speed on grease; rather should one "gang warily." Nor is it convincing to be told that falls at moderate speeds are the most violent, but that when travelling fast a rider is thrown clear of his machine, and by hitting the ground in a slanting direction he will slide along it, and the force of the blow will be very much lessened.

The force of a fall from a stationary perch is added to by any forward speed. Gravity alone gives you a knock on the ground. Gravity reinforced by a speed of translation is not going to produce a lighter blow. It is better to fall off the step of a stationary tram-car than one running at a fast speed.

A. R. W.

SMARTNESS ESSENTIAL.

In these modern times, one cannot afford to look shabby, and neatly creased trousers are essential to the smart man. The Simplex Trouser Presser and Stretcher is guaranteed for five years. Full particulars may be obtained from the Simplex Manufacturing Co., 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.

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The *Modern Man* half-guinea Fountain Pen will be sent to any reader in the United Kingdom for 1s. and 12 Pen Coupons.

The nib is 14-carat solid gold, and can be had fine, medium, broad, or ball-pointed. The body of the pen is of the finest black vulcanite, handsomely chased. It is packed in a special box, with glass-filler and full directions.

A pocket clip to fix the pen securely in the vest pocket is presented absolutely free.

On page 1138 you will find a Pen Coupon. Cut this out, and collect 11 further Pen Coupons, either by purchasing additional copies of the paper or by getting the Coupons from friends who are already readers.

If you buy extra copies from which to cut the Coupons, it is understood that you will give the copies to those whom you think likely to become regular readers.

When you have collected your 12 Pen Coupons, send them along with a Postal Order for 1s. to "Fountain Pen," *Modern Man* Offices, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C., and your pen will immediately be sent to you.

THE WEEK'S RACING.

PROGRESS OF THE EXTENDED WIRE SERVICE.

By THE "OLD HAND."

My idea, or rather the idea of some of my readers, in introducing an overnight telegram, has met with approval from all quarters. The message is telegraphed about six o'clock each evening.

There is of course no necessity for those people who can deal with a midday wire to take an overnight message, but it should prove beneficial to those who, as I have already said, have to leave home very early, such as miners and others.

The charge made for the overnight and daily service is 5s. (five shillings) for five messages, or 1s. (one shilling) for a single message.

Sandown Park is to be graced this week by the presence of the King, who has expressed his intention of witnessing the race for the Eclipse Stakes, and I think it may be safely taken for granted that His Majesty will see one of the best races it has yet been his good fortune to witness.

With horses like Stedfast, Tagalie, Lycaon, possibly Prince Palatine, and several other good ones fighting for supremacy, the race cannot very well fail to be both interesting and exciting, and who shall say what the ultimate result will be?

Best Horse in Training.

The book certainly favours Stedfast, who has not been defeated since running second to Sunstar in last year's Derby, and provided that nothing occurs between the time of writing these notes and the day of the race to interfere with his chance, he will take an enormous amount of beating. He is, in my opinion, the best horse in training at the present time.

If report speaks true, Tagalie, who after failing in the Oaks, was treated to a course of sea bathing at Lowestoft, is quite herself again, and her connections are very hopeful that she will reproduce the form which enabled her to win the Derby so easily; but even then, I cannot fancy her finishing in front of Lord Derby's horse, and what is more, I shall expect to see Lycaon finish in front of her if Mr. J. B. Joel decides to run him, and I can see no reason why the horse should not be allowed to take his chance.

I saw Lycaon win the London Cup, over the same distance as the race under review, which he did apparently without an effort, and I am certain that the son of Cyllene was never so well as he is at the present time. He will, of course, meet horses of far different class to what he beat at "A.P.," but it must not be forgotten that he is far above those that finished behind him on that occasion in point of class, and he won so easily that there is no telling how much he had in hand.

Wisdom and Prince Palatine.

At the time of writing I do not know whether Prince Palatine will run or not, but I should not be surprised if he is absent, as I know that his connections are doubtful as to his ability to beat Stedfast on such a sharp course as that at Sandown Park; and as there can be no policy in asking too much of such a good horse as the "Prince" is, I venture to say that it would be wise in letting him miss this race.

Were the distance of the race about two miles it would be an altogether different thing, as I do not think there is anything in it between them over a long distance. One thing is certain, and that is, that had Stedfast run in the Gold Cup at Ascot, the race would have been far from a certainty for him.

That, however, is beside the point, which in this case resolves itself into the question as to whether the distance of the Eclipse Stakes is far enough for Mr. Pilkington's colt, and I unhesitatingly say that it is not.

I may possibly be wrong, but from what I have seen of Prince Palatine this season, that is my conviction.

Selections for the week:—

AYR.—Monday.

July Plate: STAR OF DOON.
Carrick Welter Handicap: RUDDY SHELD-DRAKE.
Stewards Selling Handicap: SAUCY QUEEN.
Trial Selling Plate: TYNE BAY.

AYR.—Tuesday.

Montrose Handicap: ASK PAPA.
Stand Handicap: ORMETTE.
Cunningham Selling Plate: JACK POT.

NEWMARKET.—Tuesday.

Trial Selling Plate: OVERSIGHT.
Dullingham Plate: SWEEPER II.
Soltykoff Stakes: BONNIE BIRD.

NEWMARKET.—Wednesday.

July Handicap.—BRAXTED.
Zetland Plate: CATMINT.

NEWMARKET.—Thursday.

Summer Handicap: MARTINGALE II.

SANDOWN PARK.—Friday.

Eclipse Stakes: STEDFAST.
Surbiton Handicap: GARRYHOE.

SANDOWN PARK.—Saturday.

Royal Handicap: PROTESTANT BOY.

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

A SARTORIAL SUM.

"W.P.F." (Portsmouth), consults me on the subject of bow ties. He says that bought, as, of course, they are bought, ready-made, he finds they vary greatly in length, and are sometimes too long, sometimes too short, that is, for tying a neat bow.

I am happy to be able to solve this little problem. Take the size of your collar in inches, double it, and add to the result one inch. The total is the correct length of bow tie for you.

Thus, if you take a 15½-inch collar—15½ by 2 plus 1 equals 32 inches, and you want a tie 32 inches long.

This is a useful tip to know when ordering dress ties, for you may often have to send out for them in a hurry.

This reminds me of a dress tie I recently received back from a certain laundry. It struck me as about the limit in laundry crime, about which I hope one of these days to compile a book.

It had not even been properly folded, and one end was about four times the size of the other. At each end and along the tie at intervals were cabalistic signs in red thread, while the name of the laundry had also been worked in at one end.

I wrote pointing out that while I admired the ingenuity of their scheme for using me as a walking advertisement, I felt that the labourer should be worthy of his hire, and should be glad to know how much they were prepared to pay me for wearing the tie in question. So far I have had no reply.

Very unbusinesslike, I call it.

FIDGETY CUSTOMERS.

I notice that the *Tailor and Cutter* has been discussing the fidgety customer, the man who, as a sort of matter of course, insists on having a suit altered, though it be perfectly all right.

Some tailors, it appears, allow a customer to have a thing altered as often as he likes without any extra charge. Others allow the first alteration or alterations free, but charge for subsequent ones, while others again, charge for all alterations once the suit is made up.

I have never met one of the last variety, and I should say there is a good deal of "cod" about the first. Indeed, one well-known tailor once said that when he has a customer who insists on unnecessary alterations, he simply pretends to have them made.

Of course, if you get fidgety customers, you also get tailors who will not admit that they are in the wrong, and will stoutly aver that a coat fits when in fact it does not. It is poor policy on their part.

Personally, my own belief is that a suit that has to be altered when finished will never be any real good. Hence the importance of taking plenty of time over the preliminary fittings and helping your tailor all you can.

Some men seem to think that they can try on a suit in two minutes.

Other men adopt an unnatural attitude when trying on clothes.

A man who habitually walks with a slight stoop will stand like a Guardsman when trying on a suit, and then is indignant when it does not fit.

Naturally, a tailor gets to know the physical peculiarities of his regular customers, but when dealing with a new man you should try to be yourself.

WHEN PINS ARE OUT OF PLACE.

Holiday-making I have noticed a good many young men wearing jewelled scarf pins with flannel suits. This is very incorrect.

As little jewellery as possible should be worn when in negligé attire, and scarf pins never.

Scarf pins, too, do not look well with light-coloured tweeds. A plain pearl or gold pin, on the other hand, looks well with blue serge or dark grey.

On the whole, however, jewelled pins, other than plain pearl, should be reserved for wear with frock or morning coat.

If you are a City clerk, don't wear a fox's mask, or hunting-crop pin. "Swank" of this kind deceives nobody.

YOUR favourite clothes will live to a ripe old age *if* you will read what I have to say and act on my advice.

Every man has his favourite suit.

Some garments win their way into a man's affections, and he will wear them until they are long past the respectable stage.

Why not let me prolong the life of your favourite suit by putting the bloom of youth upon it now and then?

It will cost you only **3/9** to have it cleaned, repaired, tailor-pressed and re-shaped by my process.

If you are not satisfied with the result of my work, you may have your money returned in full when you say the word.

It is a pity to put aside a comfortable, well-fitting garment which pleases you, when you can have it made smart and new looking for **3/9**.

Why not give me a trial? You run no risk. I pay carriage one way.

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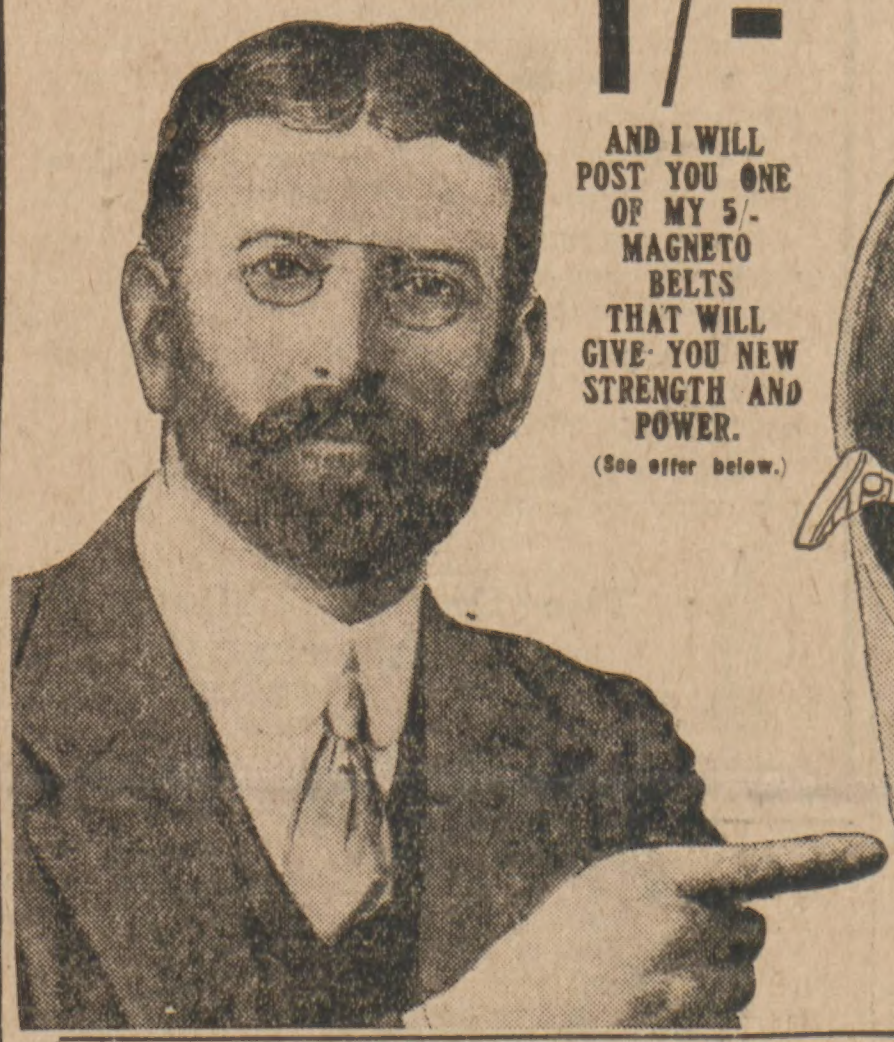

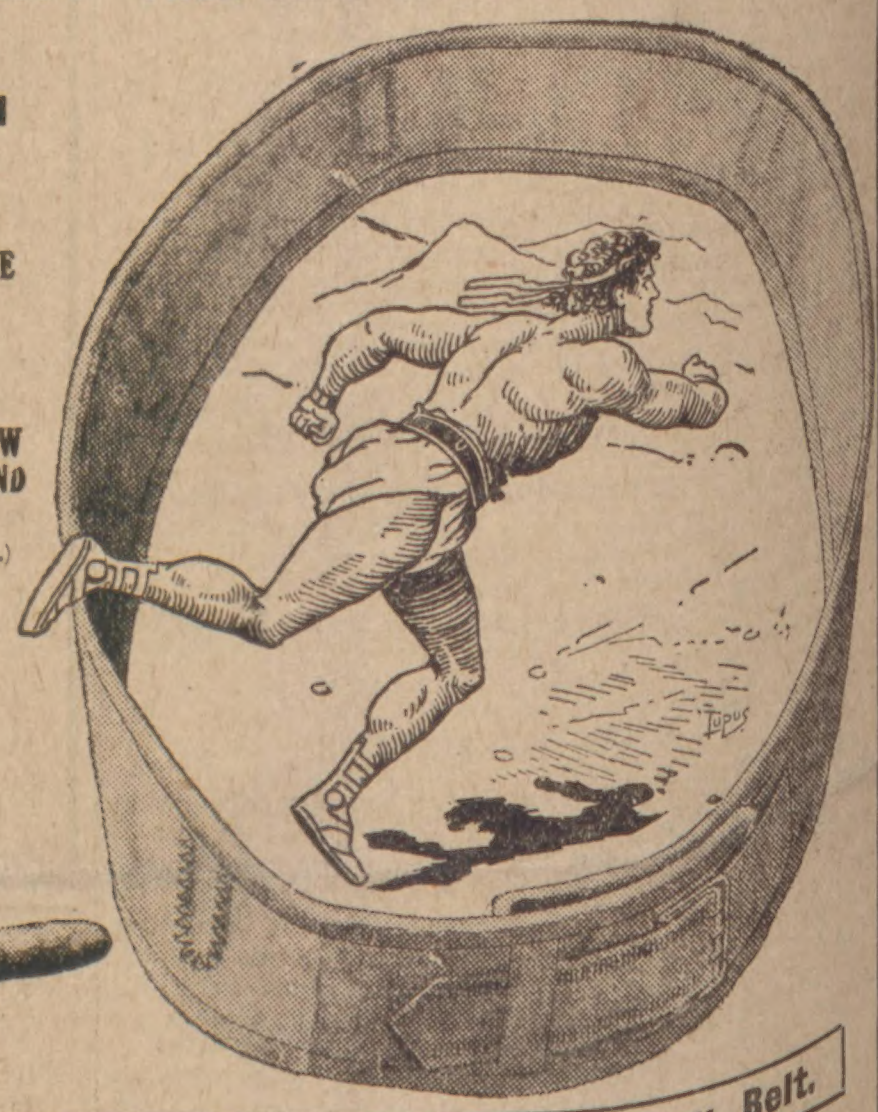

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MEDICAL MEN recognise Magnetism as a most effective curative power in cases of Rheumatism, Nervous Debility, Loss of Vital Nerve and Muscular Strength, Disordered Liver, Kidney Trouble, Indigestion, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, Constipation, Dizziness, Melancholia, Sleeplessness, Loss of Will Power, Want of Self-Confidence, Lack of Mind Concentration, Involuntary Blushing, etc.

MY MAGNETIC BELT has cured thousands of such cases; therefore, I say to you

DON'T STAY WEAK. I know that I can make you strong, although you may now be depressed and lacking in vigour and confidence. You can be free from weakness, and be the mental and physical equal of anyone of your age. The Vital Power which you need will be poured into your system by my Magneto Belt. By the Laws of Nature you should be Strong, Active, and Healthy. If you are weak, nervous and debilitated, get New Power, New Life, New Vigour into you by wearing a Magneto Belt.

Do not finger on in weakness, handicapped by physical or mental troubles that depress you. Live the life that Nature intended you to live, restored to health and power by Nature's greatest force—Magnetism. People write and tell me that my Magneto Belt does more than I have claimed for it; it builds them up quicker than ever they dreamt possible; that its beneficial results come quickly and are lasting. I have people write to me who were helpless, bedridden, laid aside as useless; a burden to themselves and their friends, but who are now restored to health since wearing my Magneto Belt.

Read this Striking Testimony from those who are Wearing My Magneto Belt:—

"All my old time energy and strength have returned to me since wearing your Magneto Belt," writes Mr. J. James, of 37, Hawthorne Road, Kettering.

"Bad back, poor circulation, cramp in the legs and other troubles have left me since wearing your Magneto Belt," writes Mr. James Bentley, of 11, Railway Terrace, Rawtenstall.

"I feel quite a new man altogether, and all weariness has completely left me, and can fully endorse all that you claim for your Magneto Belt," writes Mr. Sweeney, of 32, Vronkill Street, Princess Park, Liverpool.

"It is a pleasure to have my health and strength back again after two years' suffering. This I attribute to wearing your Magneto Belt, and it has made me a lot stronger," writes Mr. C. Slater, of 19, Church Street, Wednesbury.

"I have gained in self-confidence and physical strength and vigour since wearing your Belt, and I can say with perfect safety it is worth £5 to me," writes Mr. E. Ringwood, of Pond Cottages, Herringfleet, near Lowestoft.

"I am a well-known runner in this town, and have recently heard of the benefit a brother runner has received from your Belt. Please send me one and I will give it a trial," writes Mr. J. Ross, of 35a, Union Street, Aberdeen, Scotland.

"Since I started wearing one of your Belts I have had better health these few weeks than I have had for nearly nine years previously," writes Mr. G. Raven, of 51, Sarah Ann's Terrace, St. Paul's Street, Hull.

I OFFER TO EVERYONE who is not perfectly fit and well, or who is weak and run-down, one of my Magneto Belts. The price is not £5, but 5/- (five shillings), by easy payments. My Belt is sent on seven days' trial immediately on receipt of 1/- deposit. After you receive the Belt you pay me the balance of 4/-, or at the rate of 1/- weekly, whilst actually wearing it.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

with Postal Order for 1s. Receive your Belt at once and begin to feel its marvellous powers pouring new strength into you day by day. Address—**AMBROSE WILSON, (Dept. 19), Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.**

Give size of waist.

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